

MARCH 13, 1880.

THE GRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 537.—Vol. XXI.

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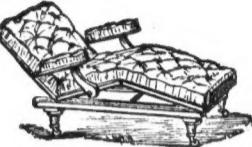
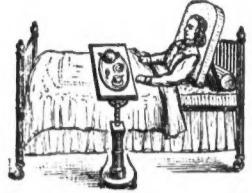
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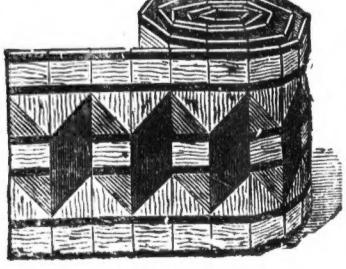
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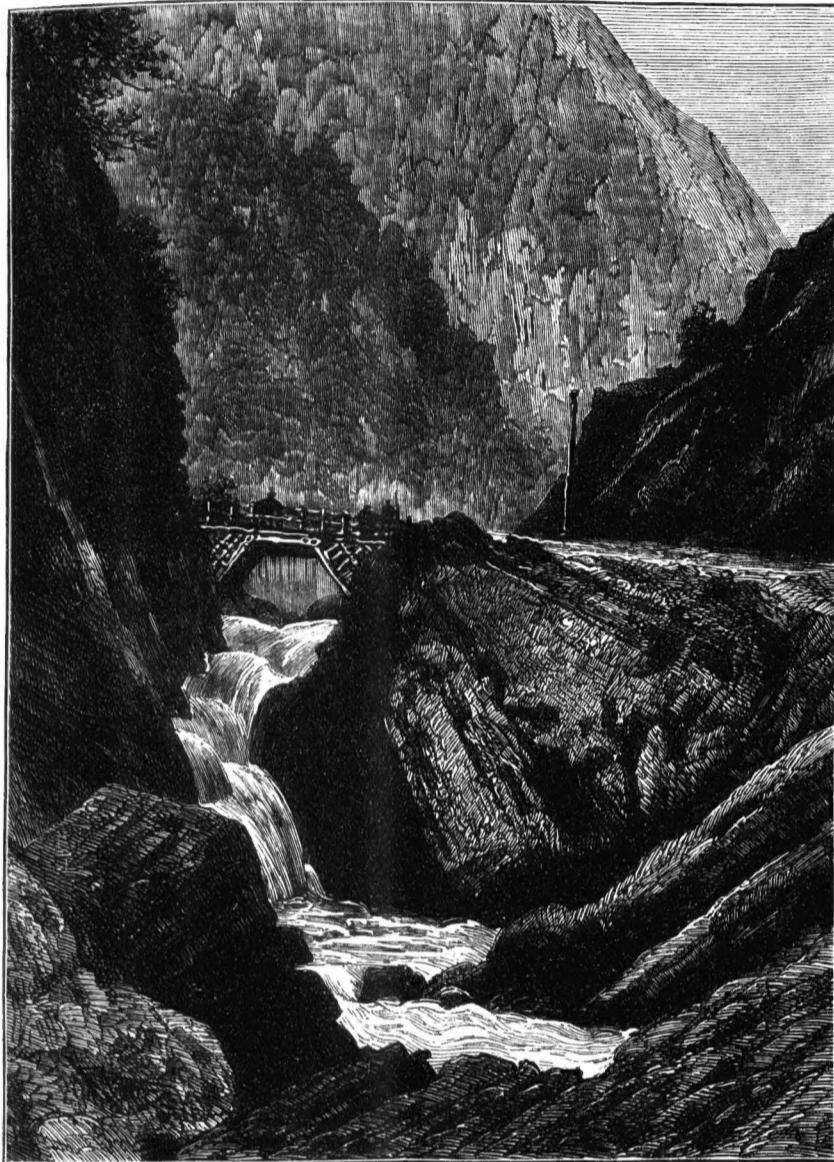
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 537.—VOL. XXI.
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THE DISSOLUTION.—It was with a feeling of genuine relief that men of all parties heard of the resolution of the Government to dissolve Parliament. The strain on the country had become excessive, and most people were thoroughly tired of the incessant recriminations of rival politicians. Each of the great parties enters the contest with professions of confidence as to the result, but probably neither is so certain as it affects to be. The truth is that even yet the permanent tendencies of the English democracy are imperfectly understood. Again and again during the last few years the Government have acted timidly when, as events proved, they might safely have adopted a bold and energetic policy. The calculations of the Liberals have been still less in accordance with the real mind of the people. Their autumn campaign, carried on with extraordinary vehemence, resulted in unexpected defeat at Liverpool and Southwark; and nowhere, except in Scotland, were there signs that they had stirred popular enthusiasm. Regarded as an appeal to the calm intelligence of the nation, Lord Beaconsfield's manifesto must be pronounced a failure. It is ridiculous to represent the Liberal party as deliberately aiming at the decomposition of the Empire; neither as regards Ireland nor as regards the colonies have they pursued any such wild policy. The Premier has, however, often proved that he knows how to stir the sympathies of the masses, and it is possible that his accusations may not be without effect. The Liberals of our time have an unfortunate way of talking recklessly, and they have certainly conveyed the impression that they are less anxious than their opponents to maintain the integrity of the Empire. It is, however, on the general question of foreign policy that the battle will mainly be fought. Whether, if the Liberals were in power, they would act so indecisively as Lord Beaconsfield says, no one can tell; in former times they have often displayed sufficient energy in connection with our international relations, and they might do so in the present crisis. But here again they have by their recent proceedings given offence to the national sentiment. We do not allude to the course they have pursued with regard to any particular phase of the policy of the Government; we refer to their general tone as to the proper place of this country in the councils of Europe. They have appeared to favour the doctrine of non-intervention in its most extreme form, denouncing even the hesitating and sometimes rather feeble action of the Cabinet as violent, turbulent, and criminal. Lord Hartington's manifesto is marked by much greater vigour than he and his friends have hitherto displayed, but it is too late for the Liberal leaders to think of changing their tactics. The issue has been before the electors for many months, and it cannot now be altered. The verdict, whatever it may be, will mark an epoch in our history, and must compel the defeated party to revise all the most essential principles on which its recent procedure has been based.

PEACE OR WAR?—Whatever may be our estimate of Lord Beaconsfield's manifesto as a whole, it is impossible to ignore the pessimist view he expresses respecting the existing condition of Europe. It is, of course, possible that he may have exaggerated the danger to peace; but many statements of his which have been denounced as wild and imaginary have turned out to be substantially true. In the present case his warnings are corroborated by notorious facts. We have become so accustomed to the spectacle of huge armaments on the Continent, that we are apt to forget the perils implied in the mere fact of their existence. The Berlin correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphed the other day that Europe was on the verge of war last summer. According to his information (and he is one of the best informed foreign correspondents connected with the English Press) Russia made direct proposals for an alliance with France and vigorously prepared for an attack on Germany. This may or may not be true, but it is perfectly credible. Englishmen are, as a rule, so much occupied with the foreign relations of their own country that they give only slight attention to what passes between other nations. Those who have watched the general movement of European opinion and feeling know that the hatred of Germany in the most powerful section of Russian society has been greatly intensified since the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin. It is Germany which is chiefly blamed for the virtual defeat of Russian policy in the East, and she is regarded as by far the most dangerous enemy of Panslavism. In the mean time the hands of the Russian Government are tied by fear of revolution, but should Nihilism be suppressed the course of the Czar will be determined mainly by the policy of France. Without France he would hardly venture to attack Germany, especially if the Austro-German alliance is maintained; but with France (which would probably be followed by Italy) he might venture on war with fair hope of success. Who can tell that the French Republic will always be as inclined for peace as it seems to be at present? As yet it is hardly ready for a great struggle; but its preparations are being quietly and steadily pushed on. Much will depend on the temper of England. France would "think twice" before allying herself with Russia if the alliance was likely to drive Great Britain into the ranks of her enemies.

DURATION OF PARLIAMENTS AND DISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.—The Napoleonic idea of a plebiscitum was, and probably still is, that you should vote once for all for a Bonaparte to rule over you, and, having done so, should for ever after hold your peace. Ingenious and simple as this plan is, it does not accord with the sentiments of the inhabitants of constitutional countries. Because a representative was once acceptable, it does not follow that he will be always acceptable, and even when there is no particular fault to be found with him, a change on the "new broom" principle sometimes proves advantageous. There is a sort of traditional sacredness about the number seven, and, perhaps, all things considered, seven years is in this country the most convenient limit for the duration of a Parliament. Those who would wish to shorten the time should remember that, owing to the numerous accidents to which they are liable, Parliaments seldom live nearly so long as seven years. Even the present Parliament, and Lord Palmerston's Parliament of 1859, which were both exceptionally prolonged, have fallen some months short of the legal limit. It has been suggested by some reformers that all the strife and turmoil of a general election might be avoided, if annual Parliaments, coupled with certain judicious restrictions, were introduced. Every member, who wished to be re-elected, would present himself before his constituents at the end of each autumn, but no contest would be permitted unless a reasonable percentage of the electors should signify that a change was advisable. But these philosophers do not take into consideration the weakness of human nature. Shorn as it is of its former attractions, its bands of music, its cockades, and its unlimited treating, an election even now makes an epoch in the dull round of daily life, and, when it takes place all over the country at once, it has an electrical effect which, if only for a few days it lifts men out of the money-grubbing ruts in which too many of us grovel, may furnish a wholesome stimulus. With regard to the distribution of seats, the present arrangement is utterly unsymmetrical, and, if we concede the principle that every elector ought to have equal voting power, utterly indefensible. But the practical point is, would the nation be so efficiently or so truly represented if the country were cut up into a number of electoral districts of equal populations? The experience of other nations seems to show that a House of Commons, thus elected, would possess less dignity and authority than our present House possesses. Under such a system the candidates are often entire strangers to the mass of the electors, who are obliged to take them on trust from self-constituted committees and caucuses. If ever we have equal electoral districts, it is to be hoped that the Hare plan of voting will be coupled with it, so that an elector's choice need not necessarily be limited to three or four local obscurities, but may range over the whole national list of candidates.

CLAUSE SEVEN.—Many French Republicans are exceedingly angry with the Senate for rejecting the Seventh Clause of M. Ferry's Bill. They are probably surprised to find that few English Liberals sympathise with their indignation. It is true that the Jesuits have been in their time a dangerous and most disagreeable body; and it is also true that they still retain some of the principles which formerly made them odious to the progressive party all over Europe. This, however, is no sufficient reason for depriving them at a blow of the most important rights they have hitherto enjoyed. As a matter of fact, multitudes of parents prefer their schools to all others, and these parents would have just reason to complain if they had no alternative but to send their children to institutions which they dislike. There is no evidence that the teaching of the Jesuits injuriously affects the State, and if such evidence existed the proper remedy would not be M. Ferry's drastic proposal, but an improved system of inspection. This is the view not only of M. Simon and M. Dufaure but of M. Littré, who certainly cannot be supposed to have any sympathy with the peculiarities of Jesuit doctrine. The attempt which has so far been defeated affords striking proof that a considerable section of French Republicans have still a very imperfect apprehension of the conditions of public liberty. If the Jesuits were in power, the Radicals would extremely dislike to see the only schools of which they approved forcibly closed; they fail to perceive that their opponents ought to have the same rights as they claim for themselves. The struggle is a "survival" from an age which had wholly different tasks from those of our own day. At the time when European Liberalism waged deadly war against priesthood, the clergy were supreme, and offered a steady and stupid resistance to progressive ideas. It is no longer in their power to suppress modern thought, and the object of the Liberal party ought now to be to provide for them and for everybody else "a fair field and no favour." If the principles of the Jesuits are altogether mistaken, they will ultimately be defeated in the open contest with better teaching.

OUR NAVY.—It is the same old story, ever since we can remember anything. According to the critics the service is always on the high road to the dogs, according to the First Lord there never was a finer fleet more efficiently manned and officered since the day when Noah went on board the Ark. The truth is probably that on both sides there is a certain amount of exaggeration. The critics see everything through yellow spectacles, the First Lord through official glasses tinted rose-pink. Each side, nevertheless, fulfils a useful function. The public is necessarily unable to

decide on naval details. In such matters they must trust to the First Lord, his fellow counsellors, and assistants, and it is well that the decisions of these gentlemen should be subject to the searching criticisms of ex-First Lords and of professional experts. Errors of administration are thus undoubtedly pointed out, and, though stoutly defended at the time, are sometimes afterwards silently amended. The ordinary landsman, though he knows little or nothing about ships and sailors, gains a good deal of instruction in reading a debate on this subject. Though some of the statements made on opposite sides of the House appear hopelessly divergent—as, for example, those regarding the percentage of foreign seamen in the British merchant-service, or the efficiency of petty officers—the reader can appreciate the force of Mr. W. H. Smith's arguments against profuse ship-building, namely, that in the present progressive state of invention we may find ourselves saddled with a lot of useless, obsolete vessels. At the same time, ironclads cannot be built in a day, and if war comes suddenly, as it is pretty sure to come if it comes at all, our fleet may be overmatched by those of other allied Powers, who, unlike ourselves, have not abstained from abundant ship-construction on the score of expense. Everybody admits, though few of us seem to realise, the momentous importance of our Navy. It is to us what vast armies are to Continental nations, our defence against invasion. Bearing this in mind, it is rather startling to think that we have very little experience to guide us as to the behaviour of our Navy if the pinch of war came. Since science revolutionised our fighting-ships, there have been but few battles by sea. All we know is that we have to deal with far more complicated and delicate machines than our ancestors had; that our modern weapons, as in the case of the *Thunderer* and the *Duilio*, are apt to scatter death and wounds among their owners; and that a foe, far more formidable than the fireships of old time, may in an instant blow one of our costly ironclads to atoms. The destructive resources at the command of the modern naval commander are appalling in their power, but at present neither we nor fortunately our foreign friends (who may become our enemies) know much of their practical application under the actual stress of war.

HARTMANN'S RELEASE.—The French Government is to be congratulated on its resolution not to give up Hartmann. An outcry has been raised in Russia, and even among some political parties in Germany, that his extradition was refused because the Cabinet is in sympathy with the Socialists. The charge can hardly be believed even by those who most vehemently urge it. At the present moment the dominant in France represents mainly the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, and there is no class in Europe which more bitterly detests Socialism than these two sections of the French people. Nor can it be fairly said that the Ministry has acted under the influence of fear. That there is still a revolutionary party in France is certain; and the time may come when it will once more be dangerous. But its leaders are well aware that in the existing state of the country they could not hope to rise to power. The Government had, therefore, a clear field before it, and there can be no doubt that it decided the question on its merits. The formal ground on which it declined the Russian demand was that the evidence identifying Hartmann with the attempted murder was inadequate; but it is understood that the refusal really sprang from the conviction that the laws of extradition do not apply to political offenders. This is a genuine gain to the cause of European freedom. No civilised man can defend such proceedings as those of the Nihilists; they afford, indeed, positive proof that a large body of the Russian people have not yet wholly emerged from barbarism. Still, it is no business of enlightened Governments to protect despotic States against the consequences of tyranny. However monstrous these attempts at assassination may be, they spring directly from frightful abuses; nor can a satisfactory remedy be provided until a just political system is established.

PRACTICAL IMPROVEMENTS IN IRELAND.—It is refreshing to get hold of an Irish topic which may be discussed without reference to religion or politics, and yet in which all men, whether they adhere to the Orange banner or the Green, may take a legitimate interest. Owing to the absence of minerals it is hardly possible that Ireland could become, like Great Britain, a great manufacturing country. For centuries to come her population will be chiefly dependent on agriculture, and it is a signal advantage that she has close at hand a wealthy neighbour, whose needs in the way of butcher's meat and dairy produce are unlimited, and who is always ready to buy Ireland's surplus produce. Now, if we compare Ireland with such a thickly-peopled region as the western part of Belgium, the present population is not beyond the resources of the island, provided those resources were properly developed. The wants of Ireland in this respect are just the reverse of those of certain sub-tropical regions. In Egypt water only is needed to make the desert blossom like a garden. In Ireland there is a superfluity of water, and those gigantic sponges, the bogs, cover a vast amount of the area of the island. It is not beyond the skill of engineers and agriculturists to drain these bogs, to embank the rivers, and to replant the forests with which the island was once covered, but which have been ruthlessly cut down. This is a work which can only be successfully undertaken on a large and comprehensive scale, and which might well

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occupy the attention of Government. There are thousands of willing and capable labourers to be obtained on the spot, and the cost, even if it exceeded that of one of our little wars, would be well worth incurring, as it would undoubtedly make Ireland more prosperous, and would therefore cause her to be more contented.

SPECULATION REVIVING.—Notwithstanding the long-continued outcry about bad times, there are always, in a hard-working country like this, a number of people who are putting by some of the money they are making. These accumulated savings naturally produce the phenomenon of cheap money, the prices of well-established stocks go up, and investors find it difficult to get more than four per cent. for their capital. It is at such seasons as this that the company promoter, who has lain dormant during the frosty days of "tight money," awakens to new life and energy. He well knows that there are a number of people, chiefly small capitalists of sanguine temperament, who are content to run some risk for the sake of enhancing their slender incomes. Thereupon he sets to work to provide some bait which shall tempt them. People are less childlike now than they were in 1825, when any absurd scheme in the form of a joint-stock company commanded subscribers, nor is this generation likely to see another mania for making railways. Speculation just now appears to be taking a very plausible form. Old-established firms of high repute are seeking to convert themselves into limited companies. The scheme sounds well, still we recommend intending investors to be cautious. When a man has got together a profitable business he usually keeps it for himself and friends, he does not go round the world seeking for partners. Yet this is what these firms are doing. And it is also worthy of note that a business which may have been profitably carried on by a private partnership is liable to be both more expensively worked and less efficiently supervised when the typical "master's eye" is replaced by a Board of Directors manipulating the investments of a flock of necessarily ignorant shareholders.



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THE COMPLETION OF THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL

At ten o'clock, on the morning of Sunday, the 29th ult., the piercing of the St. Gotthard Tunnel was accomplished by one last blast, the two galleries which have been approaching each other from either end were thrown into one long tunnel, and the opposite gangs of workmen rushed into each other's arms and exchanged congratulations on the successful accomplishment of their task. The first man who actually succeeded in getting through the tunnel was M. Bossi, the manager of the works, but even he had been fore-stalled by the portrait of the late M. Favre, the contractor, which the workmen had pushed through as soon as the aperture had reached a width of three inches. The tunnel is the longest in the world—nearly a quarter of a mile—and has only taken seven years and five months in piercing, from September, 1872, to February, 1880—less than half the time occupied in piercing the Mont Cenis tunnel. This rapidity of execution is mainly due to the efficiency of the air compressors, invented by Professor Colladon of Geneva—the compressed air serving as a motive power for both the perforators which bore the rock, and the locomotives which draw the wagons, and also as a means of ventilation. Notwithstanding a constant supply of air, however, the atmosphere in the tunnel has been terribly foul and hot. Out of a stud of forty horses, ten have died on an average every month, while the men, who worked eight hours a day—their daily wage being five shillings—were compelled to take frequent holidays to recruit their strength. Great care also had to be exercised respecting visitors, as a walk of several miles in the stifling heat might easily have proved fatal to people with weak hearts. The loss of life from premature explosions has been considerable, some sixty or seventy men having been killed. The northern, or Swiss entrance to the tunnel is situated at Göschenen, a wild and barren place at the mouth of that picturesque little river the Reuss, while the southern, or Italian end, is at the village of Airolo, at the foot of the St. Gotthard Pass, on the River Ticino, one of whose falls is depicted in our engraving. The tunnel is expected to be in working order by September, and the total cost of the work will be, broadly speaking, two millions sterling. M. Favre, the contractor, who so energetically carried out the work, died about six months since. Our illustrations need no special description; but we may mention that the "Ribbon" Road will be recognised by all who have crossed into Italy by what may now be called the "old" St. Gotthard route.

LORD ELCHO AND THE LONDON SCOTTISH RIFLES

ON Tuesday last week the annual regimental dinner of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lieut.-Colonel Lumsden, the commandant of the corps, occupying the chair, and the occasion was taken advantage of for the presentation to Lord Elcho, the honorary Colonel and late commanding officer of the regiment, of a testimonial consisting of a fac-simile of the Elcho Shield in oxydised silver, picked out with gold, which was accompanied with an illuminated address, in recognition of his long-continued and valuable services. The chairman, in proposing Lord Elcho's health, dwelt in eloquent terms upon his connection with the regiment since its foundation, and Captain Macgregor, who presented the testimonial, recounted the history of the Elcho Shield, of which it is a copy. The toast was drunk with Highland honours, and Lord Elcho, in responding, sketched the history of the Volunteer movement from its earliest period, and complimented the men who in the old days had helped the officers to make the force what it now was. The presentation which had been made to him that day would be treasured by him as long as he lived, and then be handed down to his posterity as an invaluable heirloom.

THE PERILS OF SLEIGHING—CANADA.

It does not need that we should have been in a sleigh ourselves to imagine the perilous position in which the Marquis of Lorne, H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Colonel M'Neill, and Mrs. Langham found themselves when their covered sleigh was turned over and dragged along by runaway horses.

Still, to have lively recollections of sleighs "slewing round," sleighs blown over by the wind, sleigh bumping in "cahots," and sleighs with the leader down on "glare ice," ought to make one realise the fact more vividly. It was in "slewing round" a corner not far from the gates of Rideau Hall that their Excellencies' sleigh capsized; and "slewing round" means—well, the sensation of it is as if feet, legs, trunk, arms were being gradually spirited away from one's head (eyes at last only left staring at the abyss one is verging to), and it is caused by the sleigh slipping down an inclined plane made of all the curving sleigh tracks being scraped into one. Horse may pull, but gravity pulls too, and the resultant is an uncanny kind of force, whose direction is perhaps over the brink of Montmorency Falls. Being blown over—yes, literally *blown* over—carriole and all, into a snow-drift is pleasant enough; but when the wind goes on to carry your heavy buffalo robe, your fur cap, and even the mitts off your hands, right to the top of the drift banked against the first-floor windows of the officers' barracks, Quebec Citadel—then "this is too much." The pursuit of buffalo ceases to be sport.

Be it understood that the sleigh "waiting for their Excellencies" is not the unlucky covered sleigh, nor a Canadian sleigh at all, but a Russian, the gift of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Its "buffalo" is "bear," and on it the "L L" monogram glitters in silver. The horses are not harnessed in Russian fashion, but simply as an English "pair"—not "troika," nor "tandem." The troika is unknown in Canada; but the tandem flourishes, and "has its club" at Quebec.

You, who have seen the long parade of four-in-hands in the Park, fancy the scene suddenly transformed—Rotten Row all snow, the trees all rampikes, the Serpentine the broad St. Lawrence, the crowd dwindled into two or three old "habitans," bells tinkling, plumes tossing." "Ware glare ice!" somebody cries, and down goes a leader.

Who is the best man now—the tigerling, that pocket Hercules more for ornament than use; you, all mitts and moccassins; or the "muffin," who is out in a twinkling and sits on his head?

THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

THIS is the imposing title of an Association formed some short time back, with the object of holding periodical exhibitions of pictures and sculpture, and promoting technical education of Art in the City. With the generous assistance of the Worshipful Company of Skinners, who have lent their fine Hall to the promoters of this important step towards the encouragement of Art, the council have brought together a collection of pictures and sculpture which is fully worthy of the favourable auspices under which the Inaugural Exhibition was opened by the Lord Mayor on March 1st. With an influential list of patrons, headed by Royalty, the Council have worked hard towards the accomplishment of their desires; and if the same zeal and energy is displayed in years to come they will probably before long be able to obtain possession of a permanent hall, in which they can exhibit the pictures of members of the Society, and of those whose work entitles them to a place on the walls of the new Art Gallery. In another column we give a brief criticism of the pictures exhibited.

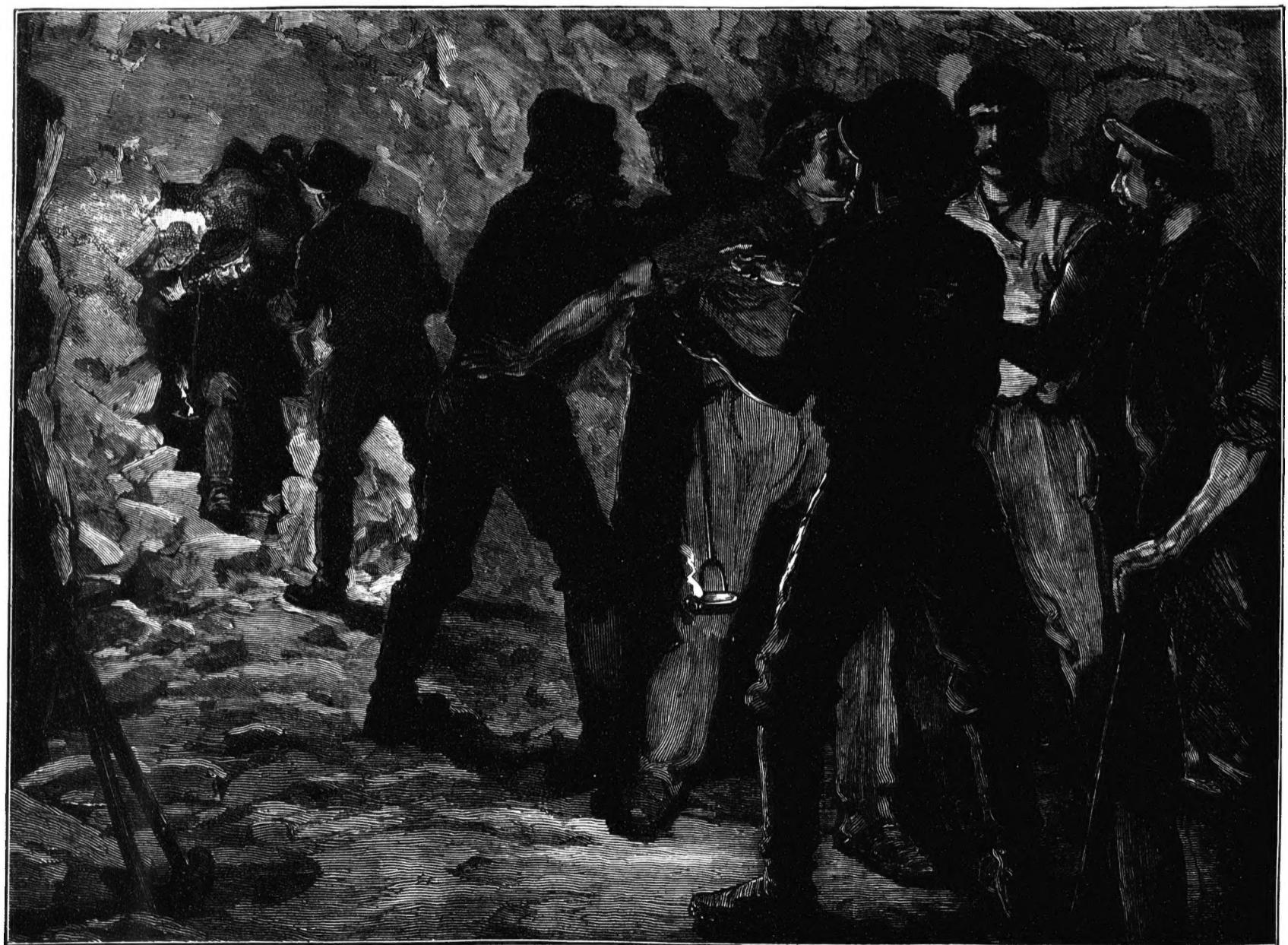
STATUE OF LORD GOUGH

THIS memorial of an illustrious Irishman was unveiled by the Duke of Marlborough on the 21st ult. It occupies a site on the high road through the Phoenix Park, Dublin, near the Wellington Monument and the statue of Lord Carlisle. The arrangements were under the direction of Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, who on this occasion was the victorious field-marshal of a brilliant pageant. Stands were provided for the Viceregal family and household, for the Executive Committee, and for invited friends. Bodies of troops were massed around the statue, including a brilliant staff around Sir John Michel, Commander of the Forces; while a party of pensioners from the Royal Hospital formed a significant feature in the spectacle.

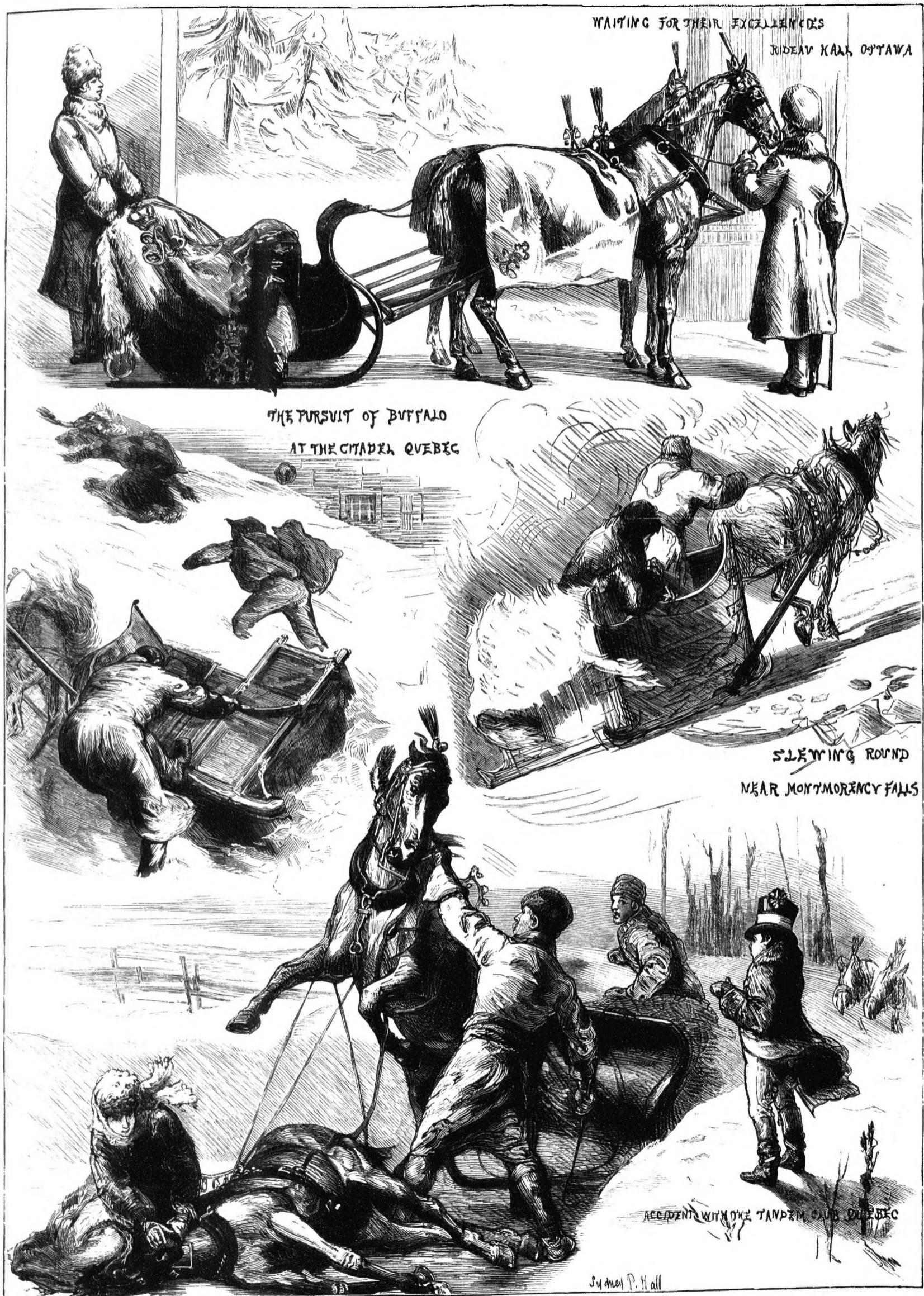
On the arrival of the Viceregal party, Mr. Sterling, the Chairman of the Committee, read an address giving a history



LORD ELCHO AND THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS — NOTES AT THE REGIMENTAL DINNER



THE COMPLETION OF THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL, FEB. 29, 1880 — THE MEETING OF THE WORKMEN



THE GRAPHIC

FEEDING THE HUNGRY

THERE is little need to describe the incident which forms the subject of this engraving, appealing as it does most eloquently to the hearts of all those who sympathise with the sufferings of the poor. Such scenes were of daily occurrence at various places in London (and indeed all over the country) during the recent inclement weather, thanks to the thoughtfulness and generosity of those in happier circumstances who supplied the funds, and the untiring energy and devotion of those who dispensed them. The winter, which is, perhaps, hardly yet over, has been exceptionally severe, and thousands who, through commercial depression, have been thrown out of employment have been glad to avail themselves of the charity thus ungrudgingly bestowed. Although both the weather and trade prospects have now in some degree changed for the better, we would remind our readers that "the poor ye have always with you," and that contributions will at all times be thankfully received by any of the metropolitan institutions, a list of which we subjoin:—Camden Town Soup and Coal Society, 16, Little King Street, N.W.; Children's and Invalids' Dinner Table and Soup Kitchen, 60, Paddington Street, W.; Destitute Children's Dinner Society, 84, Warwick Street, Pimlico, S.W.; Good Shepherd Mission, White Post Lane, Peckham, S.E.; Sick Children's and Invalids' Dinner Table, 47, East Street, Lisson Grove, N.W.; Leicester Square Soup Kitchen, Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, W.; London Philanthropic Society, 17, Ironmonger Lane, E.C.; London Samaritan Society, 98, High Street, Homerton; Model Soup Kitchen, 357, Euston Road, W.C.; Order of St. John of Jerusalem, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C.; Sick Children's and Invalids' Dinner Table, 2, Woburn Buildings, Euston Road, W.C.; Poplar Invalids' and Children's Dinner Table, Grundy Street, E.C.; St. Andrew's Sick Kitchen, 18, Charles Street, Oxford Street, W.; St. Thomas's Industrial and Invalid Kitchen, Gray's Yard, Portman Square, W.; Society for Distributing Food, &c., to Poor Jews, 5, Duke Street, Aldgate, E.C.

"A SIGNAL ON THE HORIZON"

THIS picture was painted by Mr. Hook a good many years ago, having been exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857. We do not know the locality of the picture, but if not taken from North Devon it depicts coast scenery of a similar character, where, as at Clovelly, villages are perched among the interstices of a beetling cliff, main thoroughfares consist of steep flights of stairs, and a man standing in his little slip of garden-ground or yard can look down the chimney of his next-door neighbour. The interest of the personages in this picture is concentrated on an object which to the spectator is invisible, namely, a vessel in the offing, which has hoisted the Union Jack as a signal doubtless that the services of a pilot would be acceptable on board.

THE CART HORSE SHOW

THREE or four years ago several well-known agriculturists and breeders determined to start an Association for improving the "shire-bred" horse. The first step was the formation of a stud-book, which should be for these animals what "Weatherby" is for the blood-horse and the Herd-book is for the shorthorn. This work has involved an enormous amount of research, and comprises, besides a history of the shire-bred horses, and two prize essays on the subject, the pedigrees of 2,381 sires, with lists of owners and breeders.

Next, the Association which, after considerable discussion, had changed its name for the broader signification of the Cart Horse Society, resolved to hold an annual show, and the first of these exhibitions came off last week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The prize list comprised thirty-six premiums in twelve different classes, and amounted to over 500/. There were 114 entries, and it is doubtful whether a finer show of agricultural horses has ever been seen. A marvellous improvement has been effected in the ordinary cart horse during the last thirty or forty years. In many of the horses power and action were most happily combined, animals big enough to draw a load of three tons moving with all the freedom and elasticity of the Norfolk Stepper.

The Prince of Wales went to see the Show, having previously accepted the title of Patron; Lord Ellesmere is the President and the largest exhibitor, having eighteen entries, which have won three first, two second, and three third prizes. The next largest exhibitor was Captain Betts, who showed six horses, while Mr. Lawrence Drew and Mr. Charles Marsters have five entries.

THE RETURN OF THE "VEGA" TO EUROPE

THE Swedish Arctic Expedition which, under the able leadership of Professor Nordenskjöld, has accomplished the North-East Passage from Sweden through the Behring Straits, and thus has opened a new route for navigation, returned to Europe on the 14th ult., Naples being the first port of call. As may be imagined, the *Vega* and her crew met with the most enthusiastic welcome from the warm-hearted Neapolitans—all the more so perhaps from the fact that one of the officers, a naval Lieutenant named Bove, is an Italian. As, indeed, may be seen from our portrait group the members of the expedition are by no means all Swedes, as Lieut. Hovgaard is from the Danish navy, while the meteorologist, Nordquist, belongs to the Russian Imperial Guard. Of the others, we have already given a portrait and a biography of the intrepid chief of the expedition, Professor Nordenskjöld. Lieut. Palander is the Commander of the *Vega*, Lieut. Brusewitz his first officer, Professor Stuxberg is the Zoologist, Professor Kjellmann, the Botanist, and Dr. Ålmquist, the medical officer. The arrival of the *Vega* at Naples was celebrated at Naples by a general *fête*, Professor Nordenskjöld and his colleagues being lionised, dined, and generally entertained by the official authorities to their hearts' content—the Professor receiving immediately on his arrival the Grand Order of the Crown of Italy from King Humbert, and the Order of the Polar Star from the King of Sweden, through the hands of the Italian Admiral and the Swedish Ambassador. The *Vega*, the little vessel in which the voyage has been made, is a whaler of some 500 tons, painted black, and relieved simply by a gilded beading. She carries a small engine of some 60-horse power, which, when necessary enables her to dispense with sails.—Our portrait group is from a photograph taken at Cairo by Helios, of Cairo and Alexandria, kindly forwarded to us by Messrs. Marion, of Soho Square, and the illustrations of the landing, &c., at Naples, are from sketches by Signor Nicolo Lazzaro.

A CANADIAN ICE RAILWAY

As, throughout the winter, the River St. Lawrence is frozen over so as to render all navigation impossible, the inhabitants on either shore find it somewhat difficult to traverse the broad expanse of ice. In this, however, as in most difficulties nowadays, science and enterprise have come to their aid, and a winter railway, the first in Canada, has now been laid from Hochelaga to Longueuil, and was inaugurated on January 31, when an engine and two cars made a first trip across at the rate of twenty miles an hour, stopping half-way to be photographed. Like Stephenson's first locomotive, the "Pangman," for such was the name of the venturesome engine, was accompanied throughout its trip by numerous vehicles, was saluted on its way by the cheering of the thousands of spectators who lined the banks, and was welcomed, on its arrival at Longueuil, by the booming of many guns. This railway will prove of great advantage to the carrying trade generally, especially to the South Eastern Railway, whose directors have taken the initiative in the undertaking.



THE DISSOLUTION.—The announcement that the Ministry had resolved on an immediate appeal to the constituencies has come upon us all with the startling effect of a surprise, although the possibility of such an event has been talked of in political circles for some time past. Anyhow, the die is now cast, and for the next few weeks the country will be absorbed in the struggle of a general election—a struggle which will undoubtedly be sharp and severe, whatever the outcome of it may be. The news naturally spread rapidly, telegrams being sent about the country in all directions by anxious members of Parliament and excited electioneering agents, and the various political associations have been, and still are, actively engaged in organising their forces, and looking up eligible candidates as champions to place in the fore-front of the battle. Parliament will be dissolved on the 23rd inst. by Royal Proclamation, and the writs which will then be issued are returnable in thirty-five days after date of proclamation. They will probably reach the various returning officers by the 26th inst., so that Good Friday being a *dies non*, the earliest possible day on which a poll can be taken is Easter Monday, the 29th. The present Parliament met on March 5, 1874, and will consequently have reached the age of six years and nineteen days when it is dissolved. This will be the longest Parliament but one during the Queen's reign—the longest having been that called by Lord Derby in May, 1859, which lasted just thirteen days longer than the present one. The Dissolution of the present Parliament is the twenty-first of the century, and the ninth of Her Majesty's reign, and it is the second Parliament which will have been dissolved in the month of March.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.—There has as yet been scant time for the issue of addresses to the various constituencies, but already many have been put forth, that of the Premier, in the innocent guise of a letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, being of course first upon the list, was quickly followed by Mr. Shaw's Home Rule manifesto, in which Earl Beaconsfield is roundly accused of "placing false issues before the electors," and of "insulting" the Irish people, and his policy is ridiculed as "a caricature of that of Lord Palmerston." The Chancellor of the Exchequer in his address to the electors of North Devon says that Parliament has throughout a period of no common difficulty and anxiety upheld the honour and influence of the country amongst the nations of the world; resisted proposals to weaken or dissolve the ties which bind together the great members of the United Kingdom, and in its domestic legislation aimed at the general good of the community. He complains that the opponents of the Government have put forth extraordinary misrepresentations of financial facts, and states that the taxation of the country is lighter than in almost any year previous to the accession of the present Government to power, while the National Debt stands at 18,000,000, below the sum at which they found it. Lord Hartington's address to the electors of North-East Lancashire has also been issued. Referring to the Premier's letter to the Duke of Marlborough, he declares that he seeks to evade no issues which the Government can raise; he knows no party which "challenges the expediency of the Imperial character of this realm," or which has attempted "to enfeeble our Colonies by a policy of decomposition." The demand for Home Rule he has always consistently opposed, and shall continue to oppose, considering that concession, or the appearance of concession, would be mischievous in its effects on Ireland as well as England and Scotland; but he thinks that no patriotic purpose is to be gained by speaking of the agitation in the language of passionate exaggeration. As to the Premier's claim that the Ministry has maintained the peace of Europe Lord Hartington remarks that they did not prevent, even if they did not cause, a war in the East of Europe. The ascendancy of England has been claimed in Circulars, but surrendered in Secret Conventions. The Anglo-Turkish Convention stipulating for reforms in Asia Minor is a dead letter. The Zulu War has brought us no honour or advantage; and in Afghanistan a nation has been destroyed, and the flower of our Indian Army is now employed in guarding the ruins which the Government have made, and in repressing the anarchy which they have let loose. After remarking that the Government have attempted nothing serious in relation to such questions as the completion of the system of Popular Representation in Parliament, or the amendment of the Land Laws, and that the measure of their legislative capacity is illustrated by the fate of the Water Bill, Lord Hartington asks the electors to consider whether any class or any interest has been benefited by the recent administration of affairs, or whether the burdens upon all have not been increased without relief to any. The Liberal party, he says, can offer no special favour to any class or to any interest. They can only undertake that, while upholding the power of the Empire, securing the safety of our own country, and maintaining its possessions, they will engage in no policy of disturbance or uncalled for annexation. Amongst other addresses issued by prominent politicians are the joint appeal of Messrs. Bright, Muntz, and Chamberlain and that of Mr. Forster, in which he points out that the Premier's letter contains hardly anything about the measures his Government have passed, and nothing of any measure which if continued in office he would hope to pass; and says that Lord Beaconsfield's absurdly unfounded charge against his opponents of attempts "to enfeeble our colonies" and "to pursue a policy of disintegration of the United Kingdom," can only be made in the hope of thereby diverting public attention from his own mischievous foreign policy.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS DETRACTORS.—The ex-Premier, who some time ago wrote to the *Scotsman* contradicting twelve "untruths" concerning himself, has again written to that journal, giving an unqualified denial to nine more, a list of which he appends. He remarks that whatever may have been, or may continue to be, the depression of trade, the circulation of untruths and calumnies continues to be brisk. Those brought to his notice are probably but a sample of those which circulate unknown to him, and fortify the Tory cause. This practice of fabrication by some, leading to culpably careless adoption by others, is without precedent in political warfare, and it continues to be carried on without drawing forth one word of rebuke from any of the leaders of the Tory party.

THE PRISONER OF PARLIAMENT.—One of the consequences of the Dissolution will be the release of Mr. Grissell from Newgate at an earlier date than he had any right to expect, and we believe that the new Parliament will have no power to order his re-arrest. He is already tired of his seclusion, and has more than once written to a member of Parliament begging him to endeavour to procure his release. Meanwhile he acknowledges that he is treated with every consideration, his only grievance being the prohibition of smoking.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW, which was to have been held at Brighton on Easter Monday, has been abandoned in consequence of the Dissolution of Parliament, it being illegal for Volunteers to assemble between the issue of a writ and the termination of an election, and also for troops to be brought near any place where an election is going on. The authorities have, however, expressed their willingness to give every assistance to the holding of a Review at Whitsuntide—an arrangement which will probably be adopted.

THE SAVAGE CLUB.—On Saturday last the Lord Mayor gave a banquet at the Mansion House to the members of the Savage

Club, and other literary, artistic, and dramatic notabilities. The Earl of Dunraven responded to the toast of the evening, "Prosperity and Longevity to the Savage Club."

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.—A Norwegian paper states that on the 12th of February some fishermen found off the coast of an island on the western coast of Norway a damaged railway carriage, with the words "Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway," painted on it. There can be no doubt that it is one of the wagons separated from the train which fell with the Tay Bridge. In the carriage was a portmanteau containing clothing, some of which was marked "P. B."

THE FIRE AT THE DUBLIN THEATRE.—An inquest has been held on the calcined remains of Mr. Egerton, which were found last week on the ruins of the theatre. The jury found that he perished in the attempt to extinguish the fire, the origin of which was accidental, and added a rider expressing sympathy with his bereaved family; and also with Mr. Gunn and the *employés*, who have been such heavy losers by the calamity.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday, while a party of fifteen officers of the 1st Lanarkshire Volunteer Artillery were practising at their battery at Irvine, the sergeant-instructor, Mr. Kirker, of the Royal Artillery, who was preparing a shell, inadvertently struck it sharply with the mallet, causing the fuse to ignite; the shell burst, and eight of the officers were hurt by the fragments. Mr. Kirker and Col. Watson were so severely injured that they have since died, and the rest of the party were rather badly wounded. Mr. Kirker, who was sensible until shortly before his death, made a statement, taking upon himself the entire responsibility of the melancholy occurrence.

—On Friday night a boiler at the Glasgow Iron Company's works blew up and killed twenty-seven of the workpeople, besides injuring thirty others.—There has also been a dynamite explosion at the Craig cutting of the Arbroath and Montrose Railway, about two miles from the latter place. Three men were killed on the spot, another died soon afterwards, and two others were seriously injured.



"IT is the unexpected that always happens," Mr. Disraeli wrote a long time ago. A fresh illustration of the truth of this aphorism was furnished on Monday night in the House of Commons. There had been for some weeks prior to the last week in February persistent rumours of a Dissolution at Easter, rumours which found an echo in this column. If the Prime Minister is to be believed, these statements were founded on Ministerial intention. It seems to the select few accustomed to take Lord Beaconsfield's statements seriously that when early in February Parliament met with all the pomp of Royal presence and all the preparation of Ministerial programme, it was even then decided that it should not sit after Easter. All it had to do was to devise means for averting famine in Ireland. All those Ministerial scoffs at objections to a seventh Session were only playfully uttered, and those important Bills affecting the Land, the Criminal Code, and even the Waterworks were mere delusions designed to pass time.

This is what Lord Beaconsfield would have the world believe. But the world, taking a more charitable view of the situation, declines to accept this explanation of the political situation. It knows, or thinks it knows, that the Session opened without any fixed intention affecting the Dissolution, beyond one of hanging on as long as possible, and seeing what would turn up. It also has reason to believe that when the Obstruction Resolutions were introduced the deliberate intention behind them was to "draw" the Opposition of the Home Rulers, and to bring about a condition of affairs that would make an appeal to the country practicable and popular. That attempt failed by reason of the wariness of Lord Hartington and the acuteness of Mr. Shaw, and it then seemed that the Government, having played their game and lost, had made up their minds to accept the situation, and allow Parliament to live out the natural tenor of its life.

This may be right or wrong. It certainly was a view accepted, not only on the Opposition benches, but amongst Ministerialists. There were many circumstances that gave it colour. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had definitely arranged the Easter holidays; and Committees were nominated to consider important subjects, such as the Criminal Code Bill and the Grain Cargo Bill. Preparations were notoriously made for bringing in the Budget. Business to be done after Easter was minutely discussed; and many things were done on the Treasury Bench which, if Ministers really knew all the time that they were to dissolve at Easter, seem to go a little beyond the limits of political *finesse*. Thus, when the House assembled on Monday, it was in a frame of mind undisturbed by speculations as to the date of the Dissolution. What should be done in the Easter holidays was a matter much nearer the heart of hon. members. It is a fact well known in the tea-room that many agreeable little parties had been made up for Easter, and engagements entered upon that had nothing to do with the worry and turmoil of the general election.

There were not many members present at question time, the business of the evening not being of an attractive character. Mr. Gladstone had made an engagement for what Lord Palmerston used to call "the gilded saloon"; and Lord Hartington was miles away enjoying the run with the staghounds which, significantly enough, ended in a fall. The preliminary business went off in the usual way, the question of the duration of Parliament, as far as it was touched at all, being strengthened on the side of the prolongation. Sir Charles Russell wanted to know whether the Select Committee on Grain Cargoes might not report on the particular question of loading in sacks without waiting to deal with other subjects relegated to them. If they did this, Sir Charles Russell thought, Parliament might without fail legislate in time for the Act to come into operation before the winter months. This question was addressed to Lord Sandon, as President of the Board of Trade. But it would have been a very awkward one for the noble lord to answer, seeing that he had just come from a Cabinet Council at which the Dissolution was finally decided on. Lord Sandon was taken ill on the spot, and in his absence (it only proved temporary) the Secretary to the Admiralty was enabled to answer. He said yes, he thought it might be done, and that legislation might be accomplished this summer. Read by the light of all we know now, this answer is indisputable. Of course, Parliament meeting again in May, it will be possible—if it pleases authorities who will not then have the fear of the constituencies immediately before their eyes—to legislate on this question. But answered in the circumstances existing at twenty minutes to five on Monday afternoon, this answer was naturally taken as relating to the present Parliament, and any member who might still be discussing with himself the question of Dissolution would find in it confirmation of the view that Ministers were determined to go on to the end.

So they were; but the end was much nearer at hand than many dreamt of, and was of quite a different complexion. There was another question before Sir Stafford Northcote rose, and the answer still followed in the old drift. Mr. Anderson was anxious to know about the census which should be taken this year. The question was addressed to Mr. Cross, who answered that "probably in a week or so he would be able to give the hon. member further information." Then the Chancellor rose, and members turned

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THE GRAPHIC

listlessly to hear what they thought was some statement respecting the business of the evening or of the next day. But when the Chancellor, in a curiously hesitating manner, and with a nervousness unfamiliar to his phlegmatic nature, darkly alluded to a question behind that of the Easter Holidays, and more directly affecting the public, the attitude of the House changed, and indifference gave place to profoundest interest. Sir Stafford Northcote attempted to play with the curiosity for a few moments. But he is not a good hand at that sort of fence, and some time before he had reached the actual announcement of the Dissolution at Easter, the intention was apparent, and hon. members following the lead of Mr. Sullivan (who has established a fresh claim upon fame as being the first to understand the position and reach the telegraph office) rushed off to communicate with their constituencies.

The first movement of surprise over, Parliament has accommodated itself to existing circumstances with perfect readiness. There remains a great deal of business on the orders, some of which must be got through. As far as Government is concerned all their important measures have gone by the head. Even the Six Seats Bill is abandoned. The Criminal Code Bill is again dismissed, and the Bankruptcy Bill, which has blushingly appeared in nearly every Session of the Disraeli Parliament, receives in the last its final congé. The London Waterworks Bill, which among many other striking attributes enjoys the distinction of being the immediate cause of the disruption of Parliament and the upheaval of politics, shares the general fate. There are some things that must be done, amongst which are the Votes of Estimates, and the passing of certain Disciplinary Acts connected with electors. Of course all the tenderly-hatched schemes of private members are whelmed in the common fate. Henceforward the time of the House will be formally appropriated by the Government, Wednesday being absolutely the last day on which private members were heard in support of particular fancies. The penultimate occasion (Tuesday night), was adroitly seized by Mr. Raikes, to bring forward a philanthropic scheme by which he proposed to be exceptionally kind to the railway servant at the expense of the railway shareholder. The proposal in its main features commends itself to the public mind, but there were certain circumstances connected with the time and measure of its introduction to Parliament which Sir Edward Watkin ruthlessly dissected, and the Government, which had kept "a House" in order that the Chairman of Committees might deliver what some one called his election address, were glad enough after Sir Edward's speech to permit the discussion to laise in a count-out.



THE TURF.—A pleasant spring day on Saturday last saw the Household Brigade in full force for their steeplechase meeting, which was accorded the personal patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. All went merry as a marriage bell, and, as usual at soldiers' gatherings, where previous knowledge of the animals engaged and sound equine criticism are in the ascendant, it was pretty good work to back favourites. Merry Lad, Chester, and Katheline were all most fancied for the races they respectively won, the latter being credited with the principal event of the day, the Household Brigade Cup. The Owl, however, with Lord Marcus Beresford in the saddle, failed to land the Open Hunters' Plate with odds on him, and it was a pretty good performance of Rocket to give him 13 lbs. and a beating. The Grand Military Steeplechases were held over the well-known Rugby pastures, and here again backers managed to pick out a good many winners, Maybloom in the Grand Military Hunt Cup, Lady Buteley in the Handicap Plate, St. Faith in the Ladies' Plate, Robert Emmett in the Welter, and other animals, landing their supporters successfully. The great disappointment to "the talent" was the failure of Collegian in the Grand Military Gold Cup, won by Cymru, a comparative outsider, in a field of eight. Far differently did it fare with backers at the Derby Hunt Meeting, where on the first day Oasis, Cigarrata, Truth, and the Accident colt, all the least fancied in small fields, won their respective races; while on the second day matters were only barely mended.—Next week the saddling bell at Lincoln will sound the opening of another flat-racing season, and a good meeting may be fully expected. The Lincolnshire Handicap has for some weeks past evoked considerable speculation, and the changes in the market have been frequent. At the time of writing, Midlothian and Elf King are the chief favourites, the latter having deposited his stable companion Rosy Cross; Briglia continues firm; Parole and Placida have receded somewhat from their former position; Chocolate reigns instead of Flavus; Fiddlestring, after being backed for a heap of money, is under suspicion; while among the comparative outsiders Quicksilver is backed at 18 to 1, and even at that price seems more likely to land her noble owner, Lord Hartington, the winner of the first great flat handicap of the year, than the General Election Stakes, to be run for at Easter tide, are to place him at the head of a victorious party. But whatever be the result of the Lincoln race, the handicap must be considered a successful one, as 10 to 1 is still to be had on the field. Every one will be glad to hear that J. Adams, the steeplechase jockey, who met with so severe an accident at Croydon, is now considered out of danger.

FOOTBALL.—Recent weather has been very favourable for this game, which seems to increase in popularity every season, notwithstanding the increasing number of accidents. In the fifth ties of the Association Cup, the Royal Engineers and Oxford University match ended in a draw, though they played an extra half hour in the hope of settling their differences, and Lieutenant Barker, the captain of the military, broke his leg, and was carried from the ground evidently suffering great pain.—Another well-contested and eventually drawn game has been played between North and South at Kennington Oval, this being the first time the representatives of these geographical divisions have met in an Association game.—Yet another drawn match was played on Saturday last, under Association rules, at the Old Trent Bridge ground, Nottingham, between the Grey Friars and Nottinghamshire; and thus it would appear that during the last week or so in most crack matches Greek has, indeed, met Greek.

COURSING.—At the important South Lancashire Meeting (Southport) Mr. R. V. Mather's Meols Water, who ran in Mr. Barton's nomination, and was beaten by Coquette in the first round of the Waterloo Cup, won the Great Scarisbrick Champion Cup of 128 dogs, showing himself a thoroughly honest and game animal. The Southport Stakes were awarded to Mr. Riley's Master Owen, Mr. Sands' Mrs. Thompson being drawn from distress.—The Duke of Hamilton's kennel has been sold; his Grace having determined to relinquish coursing. Glenara realised 91 and blackhead 35 guineas.

AQUATICS.—The Cambridge crew, with their head-quarters at Barnes, have been doing good work on the London water, and it is evident that they have made considerable progress in remedying certain faults. The Oxford men have equally profited by their practice over the quieter waters between Marlow and Maidenhead, and the betting is still strongly in their favour; but many good judges consider that there will not be much to choose between them in point of favouritism on the morning of the race. It now turns

out somewhat contrary to expectation that the Dark Blues will be the heavier crew. Much regret has naturally been expressed at the refusal of the University Presidents to have the race rowed from Mortlake to Putney, instead of over the usual course, but it must be remembered that in rowing from Mortlake, the crew which gets the Middlesex side has a clear advantage of two boats' lengths in the first three-quarters of a mile.—Contrary to anticipation, Boyd has issued a challenge to row any man in the world a three miles' race; but he stipulates that it must be on the Tees, so that he may be able to attend to his business at the same time as he is training.

CRICKET.—The Australian team began a series of home matches on New Year's Day, previous to their start for England. It is said that they will be stronger than they were on the occasion of their last visit, having several new hands, among whom Bonner is credited with being the hardest and cleanest hitter in Australia. "He stands 6 ft. 6 in., can run like a deer, bowl like a catapult, but with plenty of break, and can throw a cricket ball 131 yards the first try." This sounds quite good enough.



A NEW comedietta, by Mr. Theyre Smith, produced at the St. James's Theatre on Saturday evening, with the title of *Old Cronies*, is but a dramatic trifle—a mere dialogue, in fact, between two old gentlemen, occupying no more dignified position in the playbill than that of *lever de rideau*. It is, nevertheless, a very original and charming little piece, and is in every respect worthy of the talents of the author of *Uncle's Will*. The "old cronies" are two old bachelors—one a scholarly gentleman, who finds congenial occupation in the compilation of a new etymological dictionary of the English language; the other a retired sea-captain, who, having nothing particular to do, falls in love, or fancies he falls in love, with Miss Olivia Jones, a lady of uncertain age, who is reputed to be possessed of a considerable fortune. Captain Pigeon determines to propose marriage; but the declaration of affection presents a difficulty. He is a little out of practice in the art of literary composition, and not apt in the invention of complimentary and tender phrases. What therefore more simple than that he should take counsel with his old friend Dr. Jacks in his cosy little study? If the maker of a dictionary should be wanting in choice of words, it seems obvious that the sea-captain is not likely to find a more promising coadjutor. The humour of the situation arises in great part from the entire breakdown of this *a priori* probability. Dr. Jacks is a good-tempered, white-haired, bland gentleman, with just a pleasant twinkle of mischief in the eye. He is at first astonished at the proposition; he mildly remonstrates; he approaches the borders of sarcastic observation; he utters many pertinent scraps of worldly wisdom. These means failing, he consents to do his best to assist in a task rather out of his usual province, and not at all within the range of his previous experience. It would be very difficult to convey a notion, even by samples of the dialogue, of the humour of this incident of the concoction of the love-letter—how many phrases are suggested and instantly negatived, how many notions welcomed eagerly and instantly abandoned, before the resolution to "wire it" is finally arrived at. Unfortunately, it is "wired" too late—the lady, as her father replies by like means, having just accepted a certain Major; and the affair, which has been for some time assuming more and more of an impracticable aspect, is acknowledged after all to have ended not altogether unsatisfactorily. The humour of the piece arises not from the sprightliness merely, but also in no less degree from the characteristic traits of the dialogue. The two men are sketched full and from the life—their idiosyncrasies affording great amusement to the audience. In the hands of Mr. Wenman as the Captain, and of Mr. Mackintosh as the lexicographer, the comedietta has the advantage of an admirable interpretation. The best school of French acting could furnish nothing more finished or refined than the numerous touches of which these excellent performers finally complete the two portraits. *Old Cronies* was completely successful; and is likely long to retain its place in the St. James's programme.

The revival of *Othello* at SADLER'S WELLS is chiefly remarkable for the impersonation of Iago by Mr. Vezin, which, if somewhat wanting in power and intensity, is full of admirable details, and never deficient in the matter of just delivery of the lines. In other respects not much can be said for this representation, which, we observe, is for six nights only. *Macbeth* is to be revived, with Mr. Vezin in the part of the Scottish usurper. Though his style has not the force and breadth required for this part, Mr. Vezin will be at least a good exchange for Mr. Talbot, who we presume now retires from leading Shakespearian parts at Sadler's Wells.

Mr. Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep* will be revived this evening at the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Wenman, Miss Grahame, and Mr. Denny take part in the performance.

Rothomago, which is still being played at the ALHAMBRA, owing to the alterations and additions recently made in it, presents all the attractions of a new piece.



Facts about Port and Madeira: Henry Vizetelly. Ward, Lock, and Co. Dickens's Dictionary of Continental Railways, &c. Charles Dickens. Sketches in the Hunting Field: Alfred E. T. Watson; The Racer in Training: William Day; Farming for Pleasure and Profit—Drainage of Land, &c.—Root Growing, &c.—Stock Keeping, &c.; Arthur Roland. Chapman and Hall.

Debrett's Peerage, 1880.

Two Sides of the Atlantic: J. Burnley. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Fifth Annual Edition of The Classified Directory of Metropolitan Charities; The Spirit and the Muse: Sir Philip Perring. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Joan of Arc (The New Plutarch): Janet Tuckey. Marcus Ward and Co.

Armenians, Koords, and Turks (2 vols.): James Creagh; Frozen, but Not Dead: A. B. W.; Voices in Solitude: Roland Georgehill. S. Tinsley and Co.

Days and Nights in London: J. Ewing Ritchie. Tinsley Bros.

With the Armies of the Balkans (5th Edition): Lieut.-Col. Fife-Cookson. Cassell.

The Exile (a Poem): E. W. Paul, Esq. Houlston and Sons.

The Tale of the Three Tinkers: Eugenio. Remington.

Folded Wings, &c.: Edith Skelton; Ambulance Lectures: Lionel A.

Weathery, M.D. Griffith and Farran.

London in 1880: Herbert Fry; The Secret of a Good Memory: J. Mortimer Granville. David Bogue.

Bethlehem to Olivet: John Palmer. Anuario Universal-Almanaque Estadístico, Administrativo y Comercial, Para 1880: Filomeno Mata, Mexico.

Church of England Sunday School Institute.

Quaker Anecdotes: Richard Pike. Hamilton Adams and Co.



MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have published a new volume of short stories, "Grand Père Lebigre."

A SCHOOL OF ASTRONOMY has been established in connection with the Paris Observatory, the studies to last two years.

LADIES are winning their way to the front in Belgium as in other countries, and the University of Brussels has for the first time admitted a lady as a science student.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, the President of the Hospital, will preside at the Festival Dinner in aid of the funds of the Institution, to be held at Willis' Rooms on Tuesday, the 4th of May.

KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA'S PALACE, which is being built in imitation of Versailles, at Herreninsel, in the Chiemsee, is fast growing into shape, and a Galerie des Glaces has been finished exactly resembling the French model.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY.—It is announced that on the afternoons of to-morrow and Sunday, the 20th inst., the Grosvenor Gallery will be open to the members of the Sunday Society, and to those who apply to the Secretary for tickets.

MR. RUSKIN'S MUSEUM AT SHEFFIELD has been so appreciated by the working men that the latter have opened a shilling subscription fund towards enlarging the building, whether by adding a wing or erecting a separate gallery is not yet decided. The additional rooms will be filled by Mr. Ruskin with rare prints, pictures, statuary, and casts, these casts being copies of celebrated pieces of sculpture at the angles of the Ducal Palace and St. Mark's at Venice, which were taken by permission of the Italian Government, and have not yet been seen by the public. They date from the ninth to the fourteenth centuries. A picture of the western front of St. Mark's is also being specially painted for the Museum.

THE BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE FESTIVAL begins on June 15th with the opening of the National Exhibition, while on July 21st, will be unveiled the monument to Leopold I. in the Park of Laeken,—the anniversary of the day on which the King took the oath to the Constitution. A musical festival will follow, and next the opening of the Fine Arts Exhibition on August 1st, but the chief celebrations will begin on August 16th with the political and religious *fête*, followed on succeeding days by the military review, the historical procession, the illuminations and the National *fête* in the Zoological Gardens representing a *kermesse* in a Flemish village. The anniversary will also be gaily commemorated in the provinces, particularly at Antwerp and Liège.

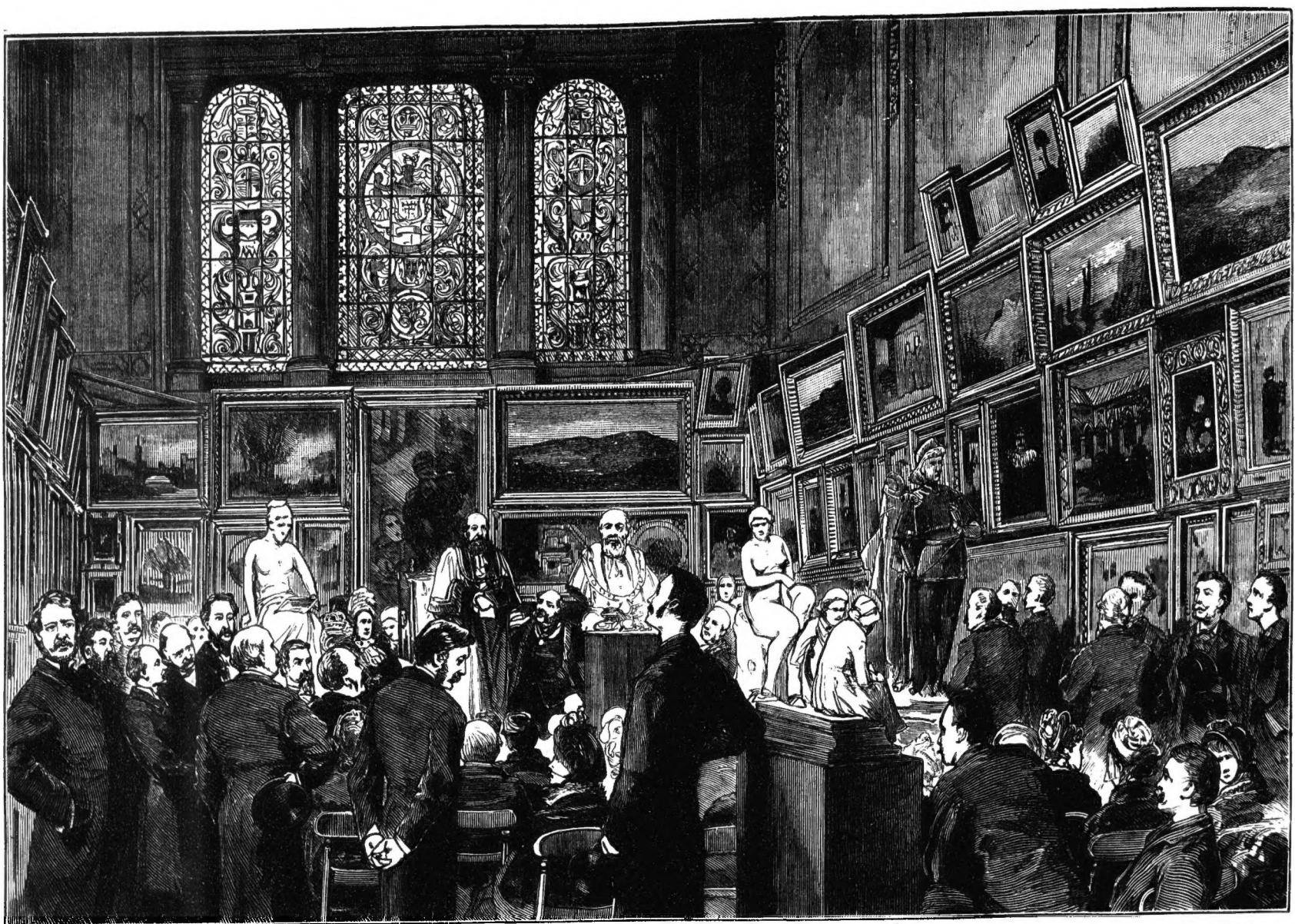
LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,607 deaths were registered against 1,662 during the previous seven days, a decline of 55, being 150 below the average, and at the rate of 22·9 per 1,000. There were 8 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 5), 17 from measles (a decline of 1), 44 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 6), 5 from diphtheria, 155 from whooping-cough (an increase of 20), 14 from different forms of fever, and 14 from diarrhoea. Diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 390 (81 below the average), of these 258 were from bronchitis, and 21 from pneumonia. There were 2,777 births registered against 2,746 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 190. The mean temperature was 54·5 deg., and 8·1 deg. above the average. There were 14·8 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 76·9 hours.

POLITICS ON THE STAGE have lately caused some excitement in Melbourne. Playgoers will well remember the burlesque of *The Happy Land*, performed at the Court Theatre during the Gladstone Administration, and in which the Premier, and Messrs. Lowe and Ayrton, were so cleverly caricatured. This piece was lately adapted for a Melbourne theatre, being plentifully besprinkled with local allusions, while the three chief characters were intended to represent the Chief Secretary, Mr. Graham Berry, and two other Ministers. Mr. Berry, however, got wind of the fact, and forbade the performance, remaining deaf to all pleadings until it was promised that all reference to local politics should be omitted, and the English version played. Accordingly the piece was produced, the characters wearing plain clothes, and the allusions being toned down or suppressed, but replaced in the most prominent places by the frequent exclamation, "Hush! prohibited." The audience, of course, took up the matter, and applauded most enthusiastically all covert references, so that on the third day the lessee was bidden to withdraw the piece or forfeit his license. *The Happy Land* duly disappeared from the bills, but the affair was even brought before the Legislative Assembly.

THE BELGIAN GALLERY.—This Exhibition now contains a collection of oil and water colour paintings of Baveno and its neighbourhood. The interest which is always felt in the movements of the Queen will attract attention to the exhibition, as well as its artistic merits. The collection consists of thirty water-colour sketches by Madame de l'Aubinière, and half that number of oil paintings from the more vigorous, but not less accurate, hand of Mr. de l'Aubinière. Both represent the scenery in the neighbourhood of the picturesque village of Baveno, in which the Queen and Princess Beatrice stayed for some time in the early part of last year. Villa Clara is situated in a country of which the artist can never tire, and of which Mr. and Madame de l'Aubinière have given us such interesting and artistic souvenirs. The large view of Baveno and a smaller sketch of Laveno, with the distant mountains seen through the foliage of acacias at Pallanza, are the two pictures which carry off the palm among the water-colours, the best of the oil-colours being a view of the mountains above Baveno, looking towards Milan across the plains of Lombardy, which lie below shrouded in purple mists. A small collection of oil paintings, of which a head by Ludovici, and a striking picture by L. Priou, entitled "A Venetian Duet," are the most attractive, forms a pleasing variety to the collection of landscapes.

THE REGULATIONS RESPECTING FOREIGN TELEGRAMS will be considerably modified after April 1st. Thus, instead of a fixed charge for a minimum number of words, a word tariff will be extended to European telegrams, alike from London and the provinces, while the compulsory repetition of cypher telegrams will be abolished, and no proper names allowed in the text of code-telegrams, unless used in their proper sense. Any European language may be used in European telegrams, provided it be adhered to throughout, while in extra-European telegrams, either English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, or Latin may be used, including words from all of these in the one telegram. Groups of figures and letters will be counted as three to a word in extra-European telegrams, and numbers, written in words will be counted as written—"two hundred and thirty-four" being reckoned as five words, and "two hundred and thirty-four" as two words in European, and three words in extra-European telegrams, 10 letters going to a word in the latter, and 15 in the former. The sender of a telegram may prepay a reply of not over 30 words, and a form of reply available within six weeks will be handed to the addressee. Should the latter not use it, the money will be refunded to the sender if the addressee returns the form to the Post Office within six weeks. The charge for each copy (after the first) of a telegram containing a multiple address will be reduced to 5d. per copy of 100 words. To France the telegraphic rate will be reduced to 2½d. a word.

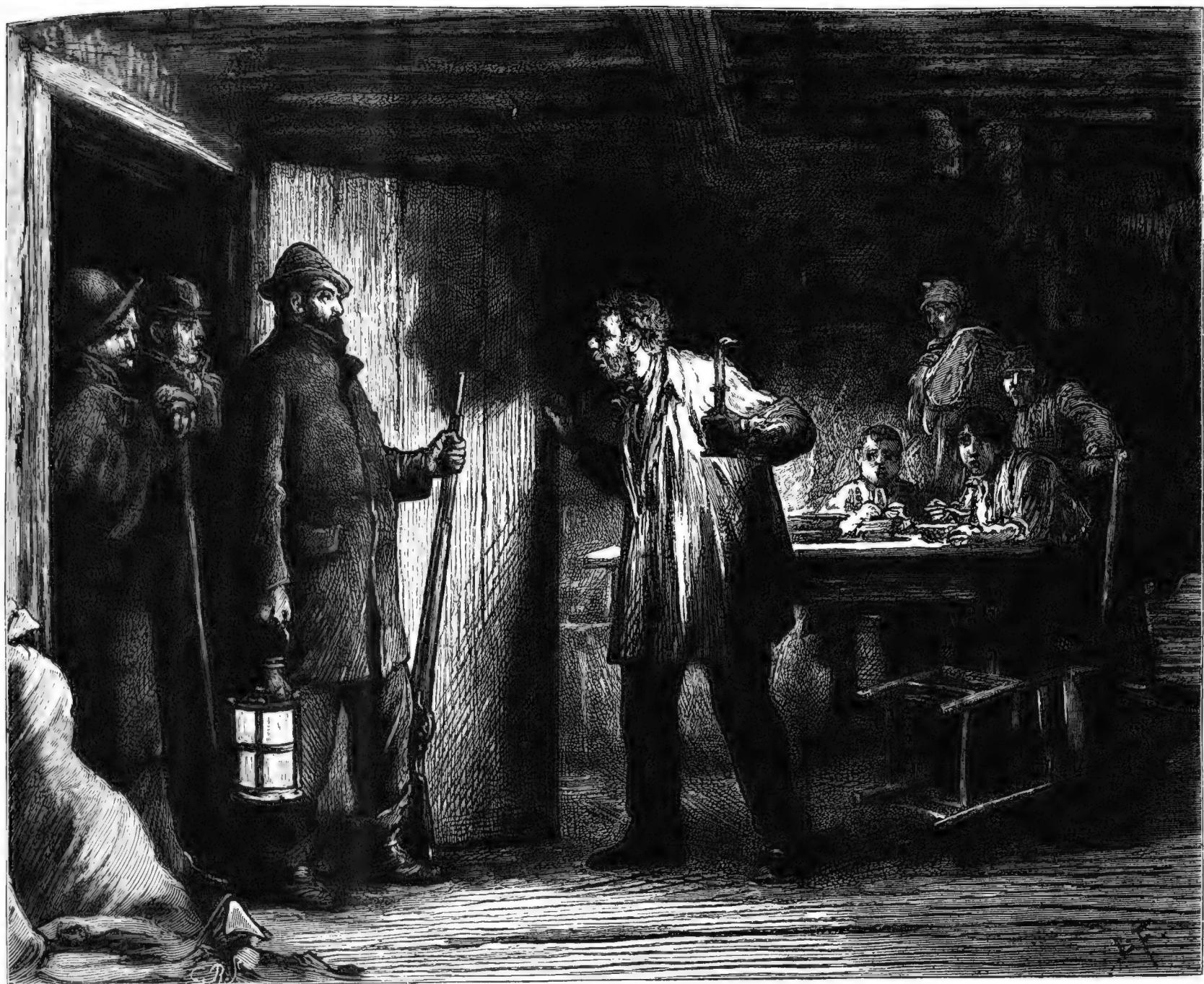
A SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY has been given by an American lady in Paris, anxious to inaugurate some novel entertainment. The guests found a table furnished with pipes tied with gay ribbons, soap, and warm water, and spent a considerable time in the childish amusement of blowing bubbles, the evening being ended by refreshments and music.



ART IN THE CITY—THE LORD MAYOR OPENING THE EXHIBITION OF THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS
AT THE SKINNERS' HALL



INAUGURATION OF THE GOUGH MEMORIAL IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

Startled and bewildered, the miller rose and let them in. His wife snatched her baby from the cradle. Their three boys sat wondering and open-mouthed.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

LOST

THE miller and his family were at supper when these unexpected guests with their lanterns, sticks, and firearms, knocked at his door. Startled and bewildered, the good man rose and let them in. His wife snatched her baby from the cradle. Their three boys sat wondering and open-mouthed; the smoking polenta, the flask of country wine, the black bread, and the three-wick lamp on the table before them.

The miller was so taken by surprise that he could hardly be made to understand at first what his visitors wanted. Would they be pleased to come in? Who? What? The Signori Bernardi from La Spezzia? The Signore Sandro? Ah, yes—of course he remembered the Signore Sandro! Would they take the trouble to be seated? How? A traveller—what traveller? A mi-lord Inglesi? Here? Here at the mill? Heavens! no. How should he be here? Missing? Lost? Since when? To-day—this evening? Holy St. Francis! How was it possible? How could any one be lost on the high road between the old bridge and La Spezzia? Had he heard nothing—no shout as of some one in distress? No, nothing; absolutely nothing. He had been all day in the mill, he and his boys, and had only left off work when it grew dark. They had not been out with the cart, or along the road, all day. What, going already? Ecco! he might as well go with them!

And the miller took his hat from a peg behind the door, whistled to his dog, bade the boys take care of their mother, and went to join in the search.

Up the steep and slippery path, out again on the high road, on in the direction of the old bridge they went, shouting, listening, sweeping the road with their lanterns as before.

At the point where the calèche had stopped, Sandro Quaranta-Sette called a halt.

"It was here that he got out—at this very spot. I know it by the young ash yonder," said he.

"What if he turned back to Matterana?" suggested the barber.

"Turned back? What nonsense! Why we left him walking—walking fast towards La Spezzia!"

"And you lost sight of him—where?" asked the apothecary.

"About two hundred yards back."

They retraced their steps as far as the second turn of the road. It was here they last saw him. On this point Sandro, Mr. Prouting, and the postboys were unanimous.

They stopped to hold a hurried council. They had now tracked over every foot of the ground by which Lord Brackenbury would have come, and they had found no trace of him. Had he been

anywhere within sight or hearing, they must have found him. What was to be done? Was it worth while to go farther? To Matterana? To Borghetto? It was just possible that some accident had happened to him, and that he had been taken up by a vehicle going in that direction. It was also possible that he had missed his footing on the torrent side of the road, in which case he might at this moment be lying bruised, insensible, dying, among the bushes and boulders far below.

There were places where such an accident might happen; but to those familiar with the road, it seemed scarcely probable. Still they were bound to leave no stone unturned. To go back to La Spezzia without seeking him in every direction, likely or unlikely, was out of the question.

So said Sandro Quaranta-Sette and the two Bernardi. They decided to divide their forces—one party, including Sandro, Mr. Prouting, and Marco Bernardi, making for Borghetto, the other, under the leadership of Bruno Bernardi, undertaking the more difficult duty of searching the torrent-bank.

Most of those who had joined under an impulse of curiosity gave up now, and went home; the apothecary, the barber, and the miller being of that number. Their ranks thus thinned, the exploring parties separated and went their different ways.

It was now past nine o'clock. The night, variable as the day by which it was preceded, had cleared up suddenly. The mists had parted and dispersed. A pageant of massy cumuli swept solemnly and swiftly overhead; and the depths of space between were powdered with keen stars.

Still pausing at times to unite in a prolonged "Holà!" the elder Bernardi's party now tramped rapidly on, meeting only one old peasant, trudging under a burden of fire-wood. Him they questioned; but he had seen no one on the road.

Arrived at Borghetto, they went straight to the hotel at which Lord Brackenbury had declined to put up a few hours before. Here, however, nothing had been seen or heard of him. They debated whether it was worth while to go on as far as Matterana.

Now Matterana was a mere mountain hamlet, only four hundred and fifty feet below the summit of the pass, and twelve kilomètres further up the mountain. If any accident had happened, and Lord Brackenbury had been taken up by a passing vehicle, that vehicle would certainly have dropped him here at Borghetto, where there was a good inn, instead of carrying him on to Matterana where there was none. Besides, no vehicle had passed either to or fro since the yellow calèche drove through at four o'clock; except indeed one or two country carts belonging to farmers in the neighbourhood. So said the landlord of the Europa. Nothing on wheels could pass that way and not be seen from the hotel. Also, there was a water-

trough at the opposite side of the road, where the peasants always drew up to let their beasts drink, and where the stable-boys filled their buckets to water the horses of travellers driving through. It was impossible that any cart or carriage should stay for water, or drive through, unobserved.

They decided that it was useless to go on to Matterana.

"Blessed Mother of God!" said Sandro Quaranta-Sette, "What shall we do? Where can we go?"

He had been the life of the party till now; but now, for the first time, he seemed utterly hopeless.

"You can do nothing but go back to La Spezzia," said the landlord of the Europa.

"How can we go back without having found mi-lordo?"

The landlord shrugged his shoulders.

"If you had but stayed with us," said he, "all would have been well." Sandro drew his sleeve across his eyes.

"Che, che! don't do that, Signore Sandro!" cried the landlady. "It is not like you to despair. Maybe, when you get back to La Spezzia, you will find your traveller waiting for you."

"Ay, he might have passed through La Spezzia, and have gone on by mistake to Lerici!" said Marco Bernardi.

They caught at this hope, just as they had caught at the hope of finding Lord Brackenbury at the mill; and, having partaken hastily of food and drink, set out to return by the way they came.

It was now getting late, and though the night was fine and the road one long descent, the distance seemed half as far again from Borghetto to La Spezzia as from La Spezzia to Borghetto. They were tired, anxious, silent; the most anxious, the most silent, being Lord Brackenbury's valet. Again and again he had been on the point of revealing the secret of the diamonds, of telling all he knew and all he feared; but, remembering that he had acquired the greater part of this knowledge through the keyhole, he had as often checked himself. He felt, however, a great and growing dread—a dread that he scarcely dared define. The others felt it also; but more vaguely.

They halted again by the path to Grassi's mill—halted, and shouted, and waited; not in actual hope that anything had happened since they left, but on the chance of it. All below was, however, dark and silent. The miller and his family were long since gone to bed.

So they went on again.

The moon had by this time risen, and as the road zigzagged, they passed alternately through spaces of ghostly shade and still more ghostly light. There was not a creature stirring. They still stopped now and then to shout and listen; but, save at one spot where there was a double echo, heard never a sound in reply.

About two miles from La Spezzia they came upon Bruno Bernardi and his party. They had searched every point at which an accident seemed possible. They had been down in places to the water's edge, and their clothes were torn by the brambles, and their boots were cut to pieces by the stones; but they had seen nothing of the missing man—nothing.

"Courage! we shall find him at La Spezzia," said Sandro Quaranta-Sette; but the words were more hopeful than the voice.

They came presently to a turn in the road high above La Spezzia, where there is a famous view of the bay reaching almost from horn to horn. The olive slopes shimmered, the distant headland slept, the sea was furrowed with silver, in the moonlight. All was still in the little town. All was dark in the windows of the Croce di Malta.

"He is not here," said the elder Bernardo, as they went up to the door.

A sleepy night-porter who could hardly speak for yawning, let them in.

It was only too true. Lord Brackenbury was not at the Croce di Malta.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN IMPENETRABLE MYSTERY

A DETAILED account of the search made for the missing traveller, of the rewards offered, of the judicial inquiries instituted, would fill many chapters; but the main facts may be told in a few pages.

All the local machinery of the law, such as it was in North Italy at that time, was put in motion. To lay the facts before the Syndic of La Spezzia was the first step to be taken; and the brothers Bernardi, accompanied by Sandro Quaranta-Sette and Lord Brackenbury's valet, waited upon this functionary the following morning. The testimony of the two last, and of the postilions, having been taken down, the Syndic, with his clerk and a couple of *gensdarmes*, repaired to the Hotel Croce di Malta, placed official seals on Lord Brackenbury's luggage, and took possession of the key of the room in which the things were deposited. Messengers were then despatched to Sarzana, Carrara, Massa-Ducal, and all the smaller communes round about; special couriers were sent to the authorities at Genoa and Lucca; mounted carabiniers were told off to scour the roads; and a reward of 2,000 Genoese lire was offered for information of the missing man.

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed, the whole country side was in an uproar. At Borghetto, at Matteringo, at San Benedetto, domiciliary visits were made to such of the inhabitants as might be thought to bear, or at any time to have borne, an indifferent character. At Carrara, two men who chanced to apply for employment at the quarries were arrested for no other reason than that they were strangers. In the same way, an invalid soldier travelling on foot to his home at Pietra Santo, and an itinerant photographer who chanced to visit La Spezzia in the way of his calling, were detained on suspicion. Nothing being proven against any of these persons, they were liberated in the course of a few days. Not even the cantonniers to whom Lord Brackenbury had given a pour-boire on the summit of the Pass of Bracco, not even the fisherman with whom he had chatted at the little sea-side town where Sandro Quaranta-Sette put up to dine, escaped examination.

The Corniche and Riviera were at this time considered the safest roads in Italy. No one dreamed of brigandage between Nice and Genoa, or between Genoa and Pisa. As for cases of robbery with violence, nothing of the kind had happened in the neighbourhood of Spezzia for well-nigh a score of years. That a traveller should disappear from a frequented highway between four and five o'clock in the afternoon—disappear utterly and leave no trace—might well send a shiver of alarm throughout the district. The youth, the rank, the wealth of the missing man, made it so much the more startling. When in addition to all this, it by and by came out on information from Genoa (confirmed by the tardy evidence of Lord Brackenbury's own valet) that the lost nobleman had not only a large sum in cash, but upwards of thirty thousand pounds' worth of unset diamonds about his person, the excitement reached its climax.

On the eighth day, Lord Brackenbury's brother, the Honourable Lancelot Brackenbury, arrived at La Spezzia. Lord Brackenbury having disappeared on the Saturday, Prouting had telegraphed on the Sunday to Brackenbury Court, his master's seat in Lancashire. Mr. Brackenbury, who was shooting at the time over a remote Scotch moor, did not, however, receive the telegram till nearly twenty-four hours later. He was therefore only just able, by dint of hard travelling, to catch the French steamer which, then as now, left Marseilles for Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples, every Thursday. From Genoa he posted straight on, without an hour's delay; so reaching La Spezzia on the Saturday about midday.

"What news of my brother?"

He was out of the carriage, in the hall, and face to face with Lord Brackenbury's valet at the foot of the stairs, before any one could run out to receive him.

"No news, sir, I am sorry to say," replied Prouting, white as a ghost and shaking from head to foot.

"Good God! What can have become of him?"

A tall, dark, brown-bearded young man, dusty and travel-stained, he stood with his hand on the balustrade, looking from one to another of the faces fast gathering round him, and seeing no hope or comfort in any.

"Everything's been done, sir, that can be done," said Prouting. "The military has been all over the country."

"And have discovered no trace?"

"None whatever, sir."

"It was last Saturday that you lost him?"

"Last Saturday, sir,—just a week to-day."

The young man looked bewildered—incredulous. He could not believe it.

"Are you the landlord?" he said, turning to the elder Bernardo. "Show me to a private room, please; and you, Prouting, come up and tell me about it."

They went up to a sitting-room on the first floor, the same sitting-room that had been prepared for Lord Brackenbury. The elder Bernardo opened the shutters and let in the daylight; the younger followed with an armful of rugs and wraps.

"That door opens into a bedroom, I suppose?" said Mr. Brackenbury, as Mr. Prouting helped him off with his overcoat.

"Ye—es, sir," replied Prouting, hesitatingly. "But it's locked. That's the room my lord's things are in. The magistrate of the place—him they call the Syndic—has the key."

Mr. Brackenbury stared at him confusedly, sat down, got up, walked to the window, came back again, looked utterly confounded and overwhelmed.

The two Bernardi lingered a moment to see if the new comer wanted anything.

"Won't you take something, sir, after your journey?" asked Prouting; "a cup of coffee or—"

Mr. Brackenbury shook his head.

"No, no," he said. "Nothing now. Let me hear about my brother."

With a weary sigh he dropped into a chair.

The Bernardi left the room. The valet remained standing.

"Now tell me all—everything—just as it happened."

There was not much to tell; yet to tell that little, under the circumstances, was difficult. Prouting, however, did his best, beginning

with the departure from Genoa, and ending with the night search in the ravine.

"And the country, you say, has been scoured in every direction?"

"They do say, sir, there isn't so much as a goat-track for miles round that hasn't been followed up, or a village where inquiries haven't been made."

"And what is the general impression? Do the authorities seem to think he has been murdered?"

"Nobody knows what to think, sir."

"No—but they suspect? They fear?—poor Cuthbert! Good God!—poor Cuthbert!"

And Mr. Brackenbury, with a groan, leaned his elbow on the table, and his head upon his hand.

"I saw something in a French paper yesterday about the diamonds—what does it mean?" he asked presently.

"My lord made a purchase of jewels, sir, at Genoa; a very large purchase, so they say—something like thirty thousand pounds."

"Yes, yes—I know he thought of buying them. Where are they?"

"The diamonds, sir?"

Mr. Brackenbury nodded.

"My lord had them in his travelling belt."

"In his travelling belt? On his person? Do you mean to tell me he had the diamonds actually upon him when he left the carriage?"

"Indeed, sir, I am sorry to say he had."

"Merciful Heaven!—and yet it seems scarcely credible. They would not go into so small a compass."

Mr. Prouting explained how his lordship had caused the jewels to be broken up, and how, being only loose stones, the diamonds took up very little space.

"You saw them yourself, Prouting?"

"I saw them, sir, when I took in my lord's lemonade. They were lying on the table in three little heaps."

"And you are sure he put them in his belt?"

"Yes, sir, I—I happened to see him put them in—quite accidentally."

Mr. Brackenbury pushed his chair back suddenly, got up again, and walked restlessly to and fro.

Prouting fetched his hat and led the way.

They met the Syndic at his bureau door, on the point of going home; but he turned back and led the way to his private room.

Mr. Brackenbury begged to know what had been done in the way of search; and the Syndic—a voluble, self-important functionary—brought out his minute-book and a pile of correspondence, and proceeded to show with what zeal and discretion, and at how large a cost, the investigation had been carried on. Here were copies of his own letters to the local authorities of various communes, and their replies to the same; a list of thirty-four domiciliary visits made in various mountain hamlets during the past week; minutes of the examinations of suspected persons; accounts of sums expended in telegraphy, printing, gratifications to subordinates and the like; besides various reports furnished by the officer of carabiniers whose troop was employed in the search.

Mr. Brackenbury listened till the Syndic had talked himself out of breath, and then said very gravely:—

"Your investigations have been conducted on a wrong basis. I am not surprised that you have failed."

The Syndic begged to know what better course *sua Excellenza* could propose.

"You tell me," said Mr. Brackenbury, "that no case of robbery with violence has occurred here for many years, and that the people of your district are well-conducted and harmless. Why hold them answerable for my brother's disappearance? Lord Brackenbury was assuredly not the first traveller who ever got out of his carriage on that road for exercise. It is a circumstance that must have happened every day. Why, then, should he be molested—he alone, after years of public safety? He had upon his person a travelling-belt, containing money and jewels—but how should your villagers or fishermen know that?"

The Syndic stared. That the brother of the missing man should defend the people of his district was more than he could comprehend.

"It seems to me," continued Mr. Brackenbury, "that we should take Genoa for our point of departure. There must be persons in Genoa who knew that my brother bought the diamonds—who may have followed him, waiting the first opportunity to obtain possession of them. They were bought, I understood, through some Genoese banking-house"

"Through Riciotto and Da Costa," interrupted the Syndic.

"And I learn now, from my brother's servant, that these jewels were broken up by a workman in Lord Brackenbury's employ. Where is that workman?"

The honest Syndic was confounded. He admitted at once that "his Excellency's" view of the case was worthy of consideration.

"But," he added, "given that a murder has been committed, what has become of the body? We have not merely been searching for the assassins, but for their victim."

Despite the sweet subtlety of his mother-tongue, your well-educated Italian very often expresses himself with a brutal straightforwardness of which not even the most ignorant Frenchman, nor perhaps even the most ignorant Englishman, would be capable. The worthy Syndic was quite unconscious of the horrible suggestiveness of his speech; but his hearer felt it like a stab.

"You cannot do better, Signore Sindico, than continue your search," he said with a shudder. "I will myself institute inquiries at Genoa."

Then Mr. Brackenbury asked for, and received, the key of the locked chamber; and, with a few parting instructions and civilities, went his way back to the Albergo Croce di Malta. He then took possession of his brother's luggage; ordered fresh horses in an hour's time; desired Prouting to be ready to accompany him; and sat down with a heavy heart to the luncheon which he had forgotten to order, but which had nevertheless been prepared for him.

They had laid a letter beside his plate—the same letter that Prouting had fetched from the Post Restante the night of Lord Brackenbury's disappearance. He recognised his own handwriting upon the envelope. It was a letter written in reply to one he had received from his brother nearly a fortnight ago. The sight of it almost choked him.

By a little before four P.M. he was on the road again, bound for Genoa. When the carriage reached the spot at which Lord Brackenbury had alighted, he got out and walked some way back, examining the ground and particularly noting the turn at which his brother was last seen. After this, he pursued his journey without a moment's unnecessary delay, paying the post-boys himself at the end of every stage, and urging on the new ones with feverish impatience.

It was dark long before they reached the summit of the Pass of Bracco, and nearly five o'clock in the morning when the carriage drew up at the door of the Hotel Feder.

"Your signore can have his old rooms again," said the waiter, whom the night porter had called up out of his bed. "They are just vacant."

Then, seeing a strange gentleman alight, he stared and said:—

"How?—it is not the same signore?"

But Prouting signed to him to be silent; and Mr. Brackenbury was, by a curious coincidence, shown into the very apartment that had been occupied by his brother.

It were needless to recount all that Mr. Brackenbury did, and causes to be done, in furtherance of the one supreme object upon which his thoughts and energies were bent. He, at all events, spared neither time, money, nor health in pursuance of that object. Assisted by Signore Ricciotto, he secured the legal services of Signore Moro; spurred on the police authorities; procured the apprehension of Antonio Caffarelli; circulated handbills printed in French, English, and Italian, giving an account of Lord Brackenbury's disappearance, and offering a great reward for information of the missing nobleman; telegraphed a description of the diamonds to London, Amsterdam, Marseilles, and Paris; and despatched a couple of detectives to search the coast between Genoa and Spezia.

Antonio Caffarelli was promptly examined, and as promptly released. He was found quietly at work in his own workshop at the top of a house in a small alley opening out from the Via de' Orefici. He showed surprise, but no confusion, and bore himself throughout the examination with the composure of innocence. He worked, it seemed, for various employers, all of whom gave him a good character; and he brought evidence to show that he had not been absent from his home for more than an hour or two, either lately, or at any time within the past two years.

How Paulo Giovannelli and various other persons were suspected, interrogated, and dismissed; how not only Genoa and London, but every European capital, rang with the story; how "The Extraordinary Case of Lord Brackenbury," and his thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, figured for weeks in every newspaper at home and abroad; how the interest of the subject by and by died away, and even Mr. Brackenbury's passionate perseverance was worn out at last, are matters that need to be but briefly indicated. Enough that that strictest search was made, and made in vain; that days, weeks, months went by, and left the mystery unsolved.

Lord Brackenbury had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

(To be continued)



II.

Blackwood is more than usually interesting this month, containing, besides an instalment of the serial "Reata," several articles of a very high order. The paper contributed by an "American Statesman on Irish Atrocities" is full of subtle humour. The allusion to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as a man of immaculate virtue, probably the highest authority in America on pure morals, is peculiarly refreshing.—The narrative of the voyage of the *Vega*, by Lieutenant Palander, is a clearly written description of one of the most remarkable Arctic voyages ever undertaken.—The author of "Conviviality" must surely have an interest in the vineyards of Bordeaux, his advocacy of claret is most persistent. "Brilliant as Bolingbroke and Pope and Swift and his companions were, and wonderful as are the literary monuments they have left behind them, they would undoubtedly have been more brilliant had they been content to stick to the inspiration of claret." The denunciations of port are equally strong.—The "Passages from the Note Book of a Staff Officer in Afghanistan" areapid and uninteresting. It is to be hoped the writer holds no responsible post.—It is a pity that the author of the able though not thoroughly impartial article on the "Opening of Parliament," whilst denouncing the conduct of the Duke of Argyll, did not give prominence to the excellent speech made by Lord Napier of Magdala on the Afghan question. This was, indeed, the keynote struck by a practised hand of the whole debate, and was the strongest support Government have yet received from an independent quarter.

The *Fortnightly* contains some unusually powerful articles, but the political undercurrent which runs through the whole detracts from their value. Mr. Leonard Courtney criticises with much asperity the able article that appeared in last month's number on "Turkish Facts and British Fallacies," but whereas the Member for Liskeard writes with the air of the study politician, the anonymous writer whom he impales writes with the fulness of the knowledge of an actor in life's roughest scenes.—Lord Houghton's review of the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce" is, without doubt, the best critique on that able Prelate's memoirs, and would alone ensure success for the current number of the *Fortnightly*.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, not content with the complete denial accorded to his previous article on "Martial Law in Cabul," returns once more to the charge, and, whilst repudiating all intention of attacking Sir Frederick Roberts, covertly impugns his veracity. Mr. Harrison prefers such formidable charges against the officer commanding in Cabul, and produces such overwhelming testimony in support of these charges, that mere denials will of necessity have to be replaced by categorical answers, and for the honour of the British name, no less for the reputation of the General in command, we trust that the contributor to the *Fortnightly* may be mistaken.

Belgravia. In addition to the usual instalment of "A Confidential Agent," by James Payn, Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose works, whether of history or fiction, are always of the highest order, contributes a story, "How Jack Harris Became an Ästhetic," a slashing satire on the Swinburnian school. It is long since this magazine has had such a powerful contribution.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* carries on Mr. Francillon's excellent novel, "Queen Cophetua," and prints a laughable review on "Indo-Anglian Poets," by James Payn.—Perhaps the *prix de resistance* is "Voices That Are Still," a supposed sitting in the House of Commons by defunct members. This is an admirable study well worthy of perusal.

The "Churchman's Shilling Magazine" is good of the kind. It is a pity that the Rev. R. K. Bolton should have been betrayed into such a violent attack on Bishop Colenso, for "The Latest Development of the Natal Scandal" is in reality merely a philippic directed against the Bishop of Natal; from the strength of the Rector's paper we should say he was no match for the Bishop either in a literary or theological encounter.—"Hagar" is a prettily expressed poem, dealing somewhat loosely with the commonly accepted ideas of the mother of Ishmael.

The new periodical, *Minerva*, is not as strong as one might wish. The table of contents sounds promising enough, but their execution is disappointing.

The *North American Review* opens with a couple of articles relating to the forthcoming Presidential election. Without in any way impugning the fitness of General Ulysses Grant for the high post to which he aspires for a third time, we candidly avow that the reasons which Judge J. S. Black gives against his re-election completely outweighs Mr. Stoughton's arguments in its favour. The review on the "Letters of Charles Dickens" is a powerful and charming contribution to the flood of criticism which the volume has called forth.

Among other magazines worthy of mention we may name *The Antiquary*, which contain many valuable articles; *The Month* and *Catholic Review*, *The Churchman*, and *Tinsley's Magazine</i*

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attention which it unquestionably deserves. The *American Art Review*, a new monthly journal devoted to the Practice, Theory, History, and Archaeology of Art, will doubtless help to bring it more into notice. It is well edited and well illustrated, and, though as yet it can scarcely compete with kindred European periodicals, it is full of promise. It has reached its third number, which contains two very meritorious etchings, and a very admirable engraving by W. J. Linton, after a portrait by the late W. M. Hunt, who, by the way, is also the subject of an interesting memoir.

AMONG THE GIPSIES

For many centuries, perhaps, no class of people have been the subject of so much keen prying curiosity as the gypsies. More than one hundred and fifty authors have dealt with them in one form or other, and a variety of names have been given to them; one of the earliest was Lury. The importation of Lury is spoken of by no less than five Arab writers; first about the year 940, by Hamza, an Arab historian; next by Firdusi, in the year 1126; in the fifteenth century, by Mirkhond, the historian of the Sassanides. They are also called Lyuths or Djatts, the name of one of the tribes of ancient Indian races still widely diffused throughout the Punjab. There are a number of other low-caste tribes in India of which our gypsies are the outcome; and these are the Changars, the Sanseas, Stiders, the Nath or Nuts. The characteristic features of these different tribes correspond exactly with our gypsies previous to mixing with the Gorgio or Gentile—viz., living in tents, covered with old rags and blankets, their low filthy habits, idleness, robbing and plundering all they come in contact with during their wanderings. The reason for the gypsies emigrating from India may be set down to their roving habits, love of plunder, dislike to war, and the famines that sweep over India periodically. Prior to and during their emigration fearful and terrible wars, on account of the Mohammedan faith, ravaged all India for several centuries: during the tenth and eleventh centuries under Mahmood the Demon; at the end of the fourteenth and commencement of the fifteenth centuries under Timur Beg, who butchered in cold blood over 500,000 Indians. The gypsies travelled through Persia and by the Euphrates Valley route in large numbers, and arrived before Constantinople at the end of the fourteenth and early in the fifteenth centuries. The main portion, then something like 200,000, settled in Wallachia, and from thence, and about this time, they began to people Europe, travelling in large parties of several hundreds, and in some cases thousands. They arrived in Scotland about the year 1514, and from that time they have permeated their way into every hamlet, village, town, and city in this country.

It is generally supposed—and there are good grounds for the supposition—that there are between 700,000 and 800,000 gypsies in Europe. In Roumania there are 250,000, in Servia there were in 1874 24,691, in Hungary 159,000, in Transylvania 78,921, in Spain 40,000, in Russia 48,247, in France 6,000. In the days of Hoyland there were between 15,000 and 18,000 in this country; and, judging from the calculation I have made there must be fully this number of gypsies in England at the present time, and owing to the addition of our native wastrels, these wandering tribes are on the increase. There must be close upon 2,000 living on the outskirts of London.

Some of the gypsies, called house-dwelling gypsies, live in our back slums, but four-fifths of our gypsies are living in tents or vans, and move about the country at different seasons of the year. A gypsies' tent is composed of a number of long sticks bent, as we see in the sketches, and over which are thrown some old blankets, sheets, rugs, or old sacks, according to the wealth of the gypsy owner; these are fastened upon the sticks with skewers. In the centre of the covering there is a large opening, through which the smoke from their fire of wood or coke, as the case may be, passes. Inside the tent an oil tin or iron bucket serves as a cooking range. This bed consists of a layer of straw upon the damp ground, which has to be replaced with new straw every ten days or a fortnight, or it will either become rotten or broken to dust. A gypsy woman told me a few weeks since that she had seen their straw beds "so rotten that they could be pulled like strings." The gypsies generally pitch their tents and form their encampments in swamps and low marshy places. Their tent furniture, cooking utensils, &c., consist of an old chair, a few old boxes, a large saucepan, and one or two dishes. Their bedding and clothing in many instances consist of old rags. Some of the better-class gypsies will have the ordinary bed linen and changes of wearing apparel. Washing either themselves or their clothes is a luxury they seldom indulge in. A gypsy woman told me a month ago that she "only washed once a fortnight, and then she caught cold after it." I have seen gypsy children who have not been washed for years. In some instances the children have presented a kind of piebald appearance, which has either been caused through perspiration or the dirt peeling off their faces.

Not much regard is paid to the separation of the sexes in either the tents or vans. In the case of grown-up children, sleeping in the same van as father and mother, they generally sleep under the parents' bed at one end of the van. To pack father, mother, and six or eight sons and daughters of all ages and sizes in either a tent or van to sleep must be a process similar to packing herrings in a box, and as I have seen them coming out of their tents I have been puzzled to know how they could have lain. Fully two-thirds of the gypsies living together as man and wife are unmarried; most of those of them who are married have been "tied together" by the clergyman gratuitously.

The present race of gypsies are very heavy drinkers. They consider it to be no disgrace for either man or woman to be drunk. Three-fourths of the gypsy women are smokers, and they are not particular as to the cleanliness of the pipe, or who has used it; there is a very fraternal feeling in this respect among them. They will quarrel like Kilkenny cats over a penny, but they will kiss each other over the pipe.

Their digestive organs are not over sensitive as to the kind of food they eat; hedgehogs are their dainty dishes—Mrs. Smith, a gypsy at Notting Hill, is very anxious to have one cooked for me, and says I shall like it better than pheasant. This treat I told her I must let stand over for some time longer.

An Englishwoman, the wife of a gypsy, told me at the commencement of this year, that she had seen her husband "eat as many cooked snails as would fill a plate at one meal." Of course there are exceptions, as among other classes. I have found a few clean, and respectable industrious men and women among the gypsies, and worthy of a better calling, and I wish with all my heart there were more good ones among them. Other things, that an ordinary Englishman would throw upon the dung-hill, some of the gypsies will carry home to make soup of. Knuckle bones, obtained, in many instances, by fortune-telling, are their universal central pot-boilers. The poor gypsy women, as a rule, are the slaves and drudges for the whole family. In three cases out of four the responsibility of providing for the poor children rests upon the women.

I think I am speaking under the mark when I say that there are not five out of every hundred gypsies who can read or write. No matter where I go, or what encampment I visit, the same dolorous issue is everywhere manifest. I visited an encampment near to Wandsworth last January, and found only one out of seventy-four men, women, and children who could read and write a little, and little it was, for when I put a paper before him he could not tell the difference between "Christian" and "Christmas." I have met with several women among the gypsies who have been

Sunday School scholars, and can read and write, but even these are not teaching their children a single letter. There is at times much sickness among them, principally fever and small-pox, but their secrecy and flitting habits prevents detection.

In almost every country in Europe without exception steps have been taken by the State to improve the condition of the gypsies. The gypsy children are being educated; consequently the gypsies are settling down to an industrious and quiet life; but we, who ought to have been the first to lead the way, have done nothing for them, except to make it felony to be seen in their company, and to class them by law as vagrants and vagabonds.

My plan for improving their condition is by first bringing their tents and vans under the eye and influence of the sanitary inspector. Second, by the means of a school pass-book the gypsy children, canal-boat children, show children, and auctioneers' children could receive a very fair education at the hands of the schoolmaster as they are travelling through the country, and might be made to conform to the requirements of the Sanitary Inspector. All the points mentioned are dealt fully with in the work I have in the press, entitled, "Our Gypsies and Their Children."

GEORGE SMITH (*of Coalville*)

KENT.—The famous Iden Park estate of 3,000 acres, is to be let at a rental of 7,000/- per annum. The attractive character of the neighbourhood of Staplehurst and Cranbrook should ensure the letting of this valuable property, even though the price asked be a decidedly substantial one.

THE BRITISH BEEKEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Committee for 1880, just elected, is thus constituted: Mr. T. W. Cowan, Rev. G. Raynor, Rev. E. Bartram, Mr. J. M. Hooker, Mr. R. R. Godfrey, Mr. F. R. Cheshire, Mr. C. N. Abbott, Mr. J. Hunter, and Mr. J. P. Jackson.—An attempt is being made to form a similar association in Ireland; Colonel King-Harman, M.P., is taking some interest in the matter. A recent meeting of the Association unanimously agreed to appoint a Professor of Apiculture at South Kensington. Lady Burdett-Coutts and several other ladies take a close interest in British apiculture, and attend the meetings of the Association.

BEE AND HONEY SHOWS FOR 1880.—The following exhibitions have already been arranged for the 27th, 28th, and 29th July, at South Kensington, the British Association; 5th of August, the West Kent; 11th and 12th of August, the Surrey; 18th and 19th of August, the Shropshire; and 9th and 10th of September, the Hertfordshire Associations.

HIVE AUCTION.—There will be a big hive auction at Southall on the 24th of March, being the Wednesday in Easter week. Mr. Abbott, of Fairlawn, is the vendor.

SNOW FELL IN SCOTLAND rather heavily on the 2nd of March.

THE VALUE OF LAND.—Now that the winter is over and trade depression is abating, it seems probable that there will be a definite upward movement in the value of land. The steady increase in the population, which goes on without pause for trade depression or agricultural losses, is of itself a reason why land should improve in value, even though other possessions should remain stationary. So long as England preserves her present social arrangements, so long will land-ownership give special advantages for which purchasers will be prepared to pay, while the analogy of France and Belgium would seem to show us that, under a democratic system, the earth hunger is still more keen and the possession of land still more earnestly sought after.

VALUE OF LAND IN IRELAND.—As an example of the influence the land agitation has had on investments in landed property in Ireland, it is said that several estates in the counties of Kerry and Waterford were recently put up for sale in the Landed Estates Court, Dublin, without a single offer being made for any of the lots. In many cases, however, the tenants will themselves give a good price for the land they farm, and this seems the easiest way out of many difficulties.

THE GOVERNMENT LAND BILL.—This proposed law seems to have secured the good will of such staunch Liberals as Lords Selborne and Carington and the Marquis of Ripon. In the Lower House it would have been the subject of several amendments from the Tory squires. In spite of the Dissolution this valuable measure may yet be passed within the present year.

LORD ABERDEEN.—This generous nobleman has remitted half-a-year's rent to his Scotch tenantry. This princely present means a loss to the Earl of 21,000/. He has had to abandon his plan of extending the railways on his estate.

SHORTHORNS.—The 440 shorthorns entered for the Birmingham Spring Show come from no less than a hundred different herds in various parts of the kingdom. Some very good strains appear; such noted bulls as Duke of Connaught, Duke of Hillhurst, Duke of Rothesay, are represented by their sons; whilst on the female side we find members of the Waterloo, Wild Eyes, Gwynne, Red Rose, Barrington, Cambridge Rose, Darlington, Duchess, Rosy Charmer, Nanny, and old Daisy families among the stock to be shown and sold.

UNSHOD HORSES.—A traveller in Australia says: "In wet weather an unshod horse is a pleasant and safe mount. Many a roll over I have had after cattle on a shod horse, when the country was soft above and hard below—as some English racetraces and hunting countries often are—which would not have occurred with a barefooted animal."

WORCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURISTS.—The County Chamber of Agriculture have recently had a rather lively meeting. Mr. Whitaker Wilson, who was in the chair, spoke with some force of the Agricultural Holdings Act, and declared that he would rather let his land as a sheep-walk than be subjected to its troublesome provisions. The remark was followed up by an expression of his willingness to vacate the chair if the meeting were not pleased with him, but that undesirable result did not occur, and the meeting went on to discuss, and finally to pass, a motion recommending the transference of the malt tax to beer.

WOOL.—At the famous Leicestershire March Fair this year, 1,718 tod's were pitched, out of which 1,141 tod's were sold. The total quantity of fleeces pitched was 5,162. The highest price realised per tod was 39s., the lowest 36s., while the average was 36s. 10½d. Bad weather diminished the attendance. At the cattle fair there was a good supply of oxen, but the absence of sheep was remarkable, and bore unpleasant witness to the losses sustained through the fatal liver disease.

TILLYFOUR.—The entire breeding stock of fatted Angus cattle, the property of the late Mr. M'Combie, will shortly be disposed of by public auction. The herd numbers sixty animals, and is of great excellence. The landed property of Tillyfour is also to be sold.

FISHING.—The month of February has been rather better for salmon fishers than was the opening fishing month of 1879. Disease is spreading among the fish, especially the trout, in the Lake district. The fish in Ullswater are becoming affected.

OXFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual show of this Association is fixed for the 19th and 20th May, at Oxford. The prize-list is now issued, and can be had of Mr. T. F. Plowman, Oxford. The number of prizes offered is large, and the total value very considerable. Not only have the landowners of the county subscribed with liberality, but both University and city have given handsomely to the prize-list.

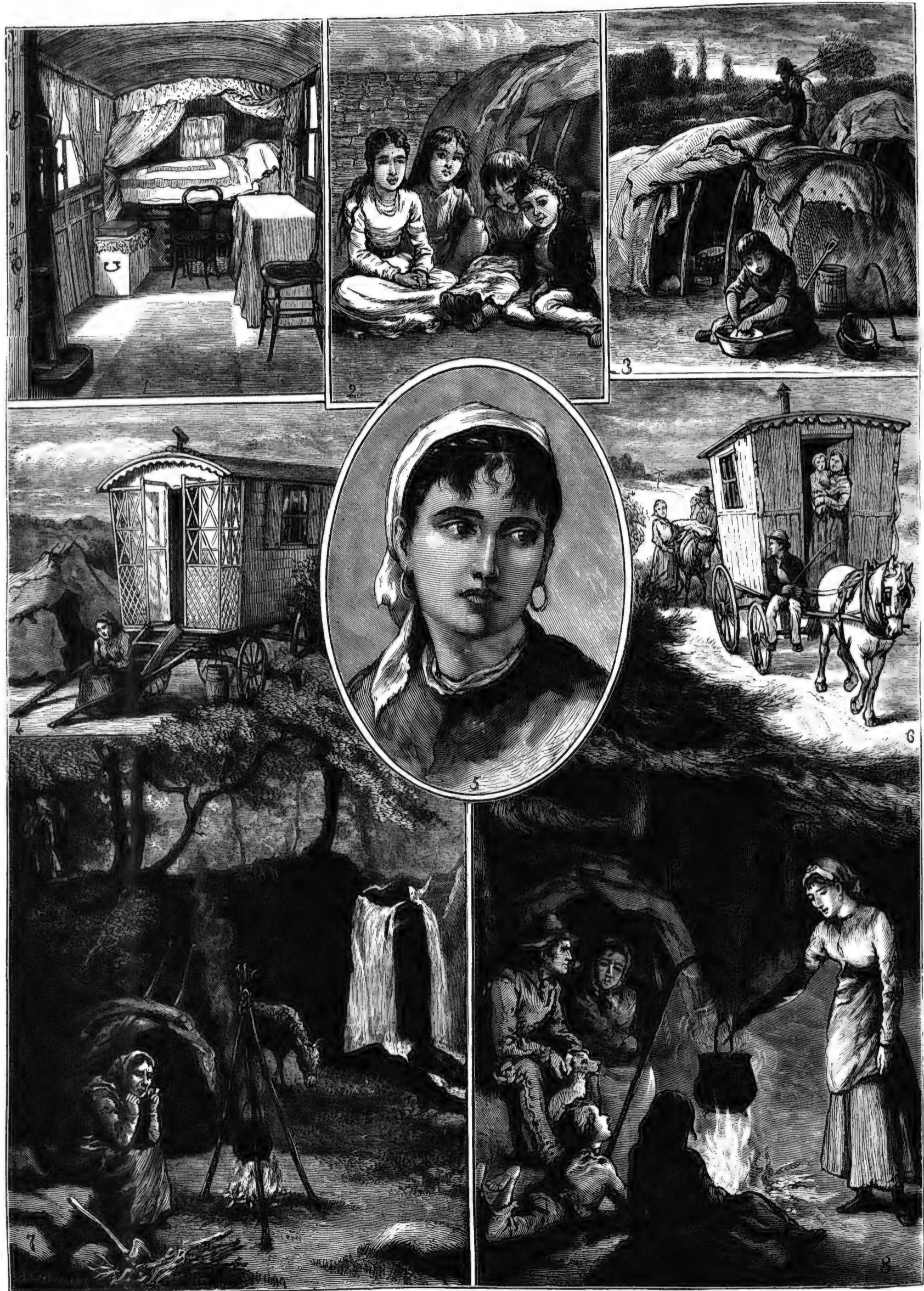


A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to "Royal Windsor," by William Hepworth Dixon. Vols. III. and IV. (Hurst and Blackett).—"On December 26th," writes his daughter, "my father worked all day and on into the evening, to finish revising the proofs of Vol. III. The next morning, at half-past six, he died in his sleep." The third volume takes up the story at the coming in of the Tudors; the fourth, thus sadly and suddenly deprived of its author's correcting care, carries us to the release of Feversham, "the last State prisoner of St. George's Keep." Thenceforward (says Mr. Dixon) Windsor ceases to be heroic and becomes domestic. Two domestic scenes are sketched for us: William, Duke of Gloucester, the favourite of his godfather, William of Orange, playing at soldiers in St. George's Hall, and getting wounded by Peter Bathurst, one of his Eton playmates, the sheath of whose sword had fallen off; and George III., "who found the Royal house too big for him, and built and lived in a plain brick cottage, which he called the Queen's Lodge," chatting with Herschel and Lind and Burney. The closing chapter describes Windsor changed into an English home, stately and yet domestic. Henry VII. gave the first hint of this by erecting the Tudor Tower, Elizabeth carried forward the idea in her gallery and terrace; then the work stopped; the first three Georges shrank from Windsor: "Verrio's floating figures rather shocked the first and second of that name." This must be one of the passages which Mr. Dixon would have corrected; fancy George I. being shocked at any "bainter's work," unless it was by the contrast of Verrio's beauties with the ugliness of lean Schuhlenberg and fat Kielmansgege. Victoria and Albert turned Windsor into a Royal home, and the whole place—castle, park, farms—is inseparably connected with the memory of Albert the Good. Mr. Dixon's plan is just what it was in "Her Majesty's Tower," and in Vols. I. and II. of this work. His is the picturesque way of writing history—the style being a compound of Mr. G. P. R. James and Mr. Froude. Scene after scene is brought before us in the most effective way; and, if the canvas is somewhat highly coloured, the picture is always in good keeping. Moreover, Mr. Dixon has been allowed to explore the Castle as it was never explored before; hence his book is not only pleasant reading, but full of odds and ends of information. It tells us everything about the affairs of Henry VII. and the shipwrecked Don Philip, about Surrey and his friends Wyat and Pickering, and the cruel plottings of Seymour and Wriothesley, and about Testwood and the other Windsor martyrs, to Gardiner's reading of the Six Articles. Then come Philip II.'s inauguration as Grand Master of St. George, Dean Weston's coarse bigotry, Eric Gustavus Vasa's son wooing Elizabeth, the Portsmouth folks mobbing the remnant of poor Warwick's plague-stricken troops as they returned from Havre, Charles in the Castle with Coke and Whichcot to guard him—these are a few of Mr. Dixon's scenes. We all of us know his peculiarities; they are sometimes a help in giving liveliness to his descriptions. He has the power of outlining in a few forcible sentences a man and his surroundings; and, while it is impossible for the author of "New America" to write a single dull page, we believe he has been quite as careful in his researches as the writers of more stately histories.

The Rev. J. G. Wood's other books have been the delight of so many thousands that to say "The Field-Naturalist's Handbook" (Cassell) is by him enough to satisfy most people of its usefulness. Mr. Wood confines himself to three departments—entomology (restricted to the *Lepidoptera*), field-botany, and egg-collecting. A complete list is given, under each month, of the butterflies and moths which appear in it, and of the plants (including ferns) which come into flower, and in what soils they are to be found. Each list is prefaced with notes for the month. These are full of interest, even for non-collectors; thus, under January, the saying that a hard winter kills off the noxious insects is shown to be a popular error. The insects are all the more numerous, for their eggs are able to stand a wonderful amount of cold, while the birds, their destroyers, are killed off in large numbers. In the notes for May we have a very practical description of a moth-trap; and to show the completeness of the work we may note that in the moths alone upwards of a thousand blanks have been filled up, including the fifty species of Pug moths, Mr. Harpur Crewe's specialty. After the list of birds follow some useful hints on killing and setting insects. To kill a big female moth, without using benzine, is the hardest thing conceivable; you may chloroform and then eviscerate her, stuffing the abdomen with poisoned wool, but she will still show signs of life—signs which Mr. Wood would have us believe are no more connected with pain than are the writhings of a bit of catgut in the fire. Happily a drop of benzine seems to kill her instantaneously. The book admirably fulfills its purpose; it is "a convenient handbook for those who wish to study butterflies and moths, bird's eggs, and plants, and who mean to find them for themselves," which is a very different thing from buying one's specimens. Such buyers Mr. Wood ranks with crest-hunters and makers of butterfly pictures. *Punch's* curate leaping over a five-barred gate after a "painted lady" is the type of an increasing class, every member of which owes a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Wood.

The name of George Smith, of Coalville, is familiar as household words, and the unpretending memoir just published by Messrs. Haughton and Co. of him to whose deep sympathy and ceaseless effort the populations of our brickyards and canals owe so much, will be read with interest by all. We have already published a sketch of Mr. Smith's life, and so need not dwell upon it here; but, in an age perhaps unexampled for wide-spread charity and philanthropic work in all directions, his self-chosen labours will ever be remarkable. It must not be forgotten, however, that in his anxiety to lighten the burdens of his fellow men he has impoverished himself, and though a testimonial was recently started in acknowledgement of his great services to the country, still, the untiring energy and noble self-denial in the cause of right and good, which he has exhibited throughout a long struggle against innumerable obstacles, deserve a more substantial recognition than they have yet received. Mr. Smith is now engaged in a third campaign against human misery and ignorance, his endeavour being this time to ameliorate the deplorable condition of the gypsies. We publish in another column an article from his pen upon these interesting people.

The Rev. Malcolm MacColl has published a new and revised edition of his admirable little work "The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play" (Rivingtons), which, in view of the forthcoming representations to be held this summer, is especially interesting. Intending visitors should not fail to obtain the book, for, apart from the subject with which it primarily deals, it contains much useful advice and information.



1. Interior of Gipsy Van.—2. Gipsy Children, St. Clement's Schools, Notting Hill.—3. A Double Tent.—4. Van and Tent, Wormwood Scrubs.—5. A Gipsy of Notting Vale.—6. Travelling.—7. Gipsy Camp in Wales.—8. Gipsies' Supper.



G. STANILAND

"FEEDING THE HUNGRY"—A SKETCH AT A LONDON SOUP KITCHEN

THE GRAPHIC

THE TREASON OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD: THE STORY OF A NIHILIST PLOT

I.

LIEUTENANT PAUL WALITZIN, of the 3rd Regiment of Light Horse, or Lithuanian Lancers, belonged, like many other officers, to a Nihilist Lodge. He had taken to conspiracy partly to relieve the tedium of garrison life, for he was quartered at Ekaterinoslav, which is a slow place; and partly because he was too good-natured a fellow to say "No" to some of his older comrades who inveigled him into plotting. There was the grizzled Captain of his troop, Peter Snarischew, who had told him from the outset that a man must be a Nihilist or a beast—for who but a beast would submit his neck to the yoke of an aristocratic caste, and be the liege servant of a despot? This Snarischew fed his mind upon German Socialist tracts, which he purchased from a grocer of the Brotherhood, who received them from Leipzig in tins which were supposed to contain Australian beef. Every time he perused a new tract, Snarischew became more and more nebulous in his plans for reforming society; more and more sanguinary in his designs for compassing these reforms. The truth is, he was soured from having served thirty years in the army without having got higher than a captaincy; whereas had he been of noble blood, and connected with any high member of the Tschinn, he would have been a general long ago.

Paul Walitzin was too young and too hopeful to feel that he had a grievance against the existing order of things otherwise than at second hand—that is, because his friends had one. He was handsome; his uniform fitted him well; he was liked by a number of pretty maids and matrons; and, thanks to his father, a leather merchant in easy circumstances, he always had a few roubles to rustle in his pocket. At twenty-three a man does not require more than this to feel that life is pleasant, and Paul took but a half-hearted interest in the idea that he might some day be the citizen of a free Muscovite Republic in which every man should be as good as another, and in which no man should believe in anything at all except himself.

Nevertheless, as conspiring is no child's play in Russia, Paul, in the course of his attendance at the meetings of his Lodge, had to take a number of oaths for the extermination of divers things and individuals. The Brethren seemed to be always swearing something; and when not doing that they were paying money to their committee-men. Paul disbursed his coin freely; but, as he was never called upon to do anything but listen to tedious speeches which made him yawn, he supposed that the work of social regeneration was being carried on well enough without his help. Which suited him perfectly.

He had been mixed up with the Nihilists about a year, when one night, being at a ball given by the Governor of Ekaterinoslav, he was presented to a very great lady, the Princess Valdine, wife of one of the highest Court officials. She had been visiting some of her relatives, and was returning to St. Petersburg, the next day. Paul was much struck with her, for she was beautiful; and she appeared to be interested in him, for she said, when they had conversed a few minutes on indifferent subjects: "Surely I must have seen your face before? Were you ever at St. Petersburg?"

"Yes, for a week, two years ago; when I went to escort Colonel Ivanoff, who was ill."

"Ah!—and do you remember stopping the horses of a runaway sleigh on the Square of St. Isaac? There was a lady in the sleigh, but you walked away before she had time to thank you for, perhaps, saving her life."

"I hope you were that lady," said Paul reddening; but inclined to make light of the matter.

"Yes, I was," said the Princess, smiling kindly; "and I think I ought to testify my gratitude in some way. What could I do for you?"

"Well, that's a serious offer," answered Paul, half grave and half bantering. "I should like to be a Captain, and to exchange into one of the Guards regiments; and there is another thing—"

"Well—what?"

"I should like to dance the next valse with you, if you will do me the honour."

"With pleasure," said the Princess graciously, but with all a *grande dame's* dignity; "as to your other request, I will do my best." And she rose to dance with the young Lancer.

When Paul had led her back to her seat he made her a profound bow. He had convinced himself that it was of no use flirting in this quarter. Princess Valdine might be a powerful patroness to him; but she was not a lady to be played with. However, as the Lieutenant turned on his heel to find another partner, he did not attach much importance to the Princess's promises, and was persuaded that she would forget all about him before she returned to St. Petersburg.

In this he was wrong; for, six weeks later, he received a commission, appointing him to a Captaincy in the Grand Duke Alexis's Regiment of Cuirassier Guards; and at the same time the Cross of the Fourth Class in the Order of St. George, "as a reward for an act of courage in saving life."

II.

PAUL WALITZIN went to St. Petersburg. His father, overjoyed at his promotion, doubled his allowance, so that the young captain was enabled to pay his footing properly, and at once made many friends in his new regiment. He was treated with considerable deference, for it was rumoured that he was a Court favourite, and would quickly rise to higher honours. Everybody knew that the Princess Valdine had taken him in hand. As to his Nihilist opinions, Paul took care not to air them, for the tone of thought in the Cuirassier Guards was violently loyal, all the officers being the sons of noblemen who held high offices under the State or at Court. It was their custom after mess to drink perdition to the whole Revolutionary crew, and when they had drunk a little they freely expressed their belief that a general slaughter of University professors would be the simplest way to bring about a pacification of the country. Very much like the barking of chained mastiffs was the talk of the Czar's young Guardsmen, when they sat with empty bottles around them.

Paul, who was not a nobleman, could not at heart feel altogether with his new comrades, so he used to hold his tongue when they vapoured their nonsense, and thereby he acquired a reputation for being very discreet. This got him noticed in high quarters. One evening when he was attending a reception at Princess Valdine's his patroness said to him with an approving smile:—"It seems that among all the madcaps of your regiment you are the only sensible man. Your Colonel was saying so to the Grand Duke Alexis. I am well pleased with you, for you are doing honour to my recommendation."

Paul bent his head. "There is no great merit in being silent when one has nothing to say," he answered.

"Oh, but some young men would rather say foolish things than nothing at all. Now listen to what I am going to say. One day this week you will be on guard at the Marble Palace, and will dine at the Grand Duke's table. You will meet the Czar there, as he is coming back from Livadia. If His Majesty speaks to you, and asks you how you like your regiment, be sure to reply that your ambition is to get on the staff."

"But I would rather remain as I am," answered Paul, whose brilliant uniform of white, scarlet, and gold had still all its gloss on.

"When a young man wants to win himself a name he is not content to pass his time amongst a number of champagne bibbers,"

retorted the Princess, looking him straight in the eyes reprovingly. "You must do as I bid you, Paul Walitzin. You are to make a way in the world. I shall not be satisfied until you have a post at Court; then I will find you a rich wife."

"I am your servant, Princess," responded the Captain, respectfully, though his head reeled somewhat, amusement being for the present of more concern to him than ambition. However, he felt too much beholden towards his patroness to offend her.

Five days afterwards he was informed that he would be on guard at the Marble Palace on the morrow; and his Colonel added that, by command, he was to dine with the Grand Duke. Paul's brother officers congratulated him on this honour, and chaffed him a little about the Princess Valdine. But Paul was divided between a sense of grateful vanity and the fear that possessed him at the idea that he was going to meet the Czar face to face. He was not a Russian for nothing. The idea of the Imperial Majesty overawed him, and he quite forgot in his agitation that he had ever conspired to overthrow Alexander II. from his throne.

He went off to his lodgings after mess, being minded to spend a quiet evening writing letters home to tell his parents of the good luck that was following him. Before he had thrown off his cloak, however, he perceived a note on his writing-table; and breaking the envelope he read these words surmounted by the three figures "555": "To-night at ten o'clock. No. 6, Fedor Street."

Paul winced. The figures "555" formed the secret cypher of the Nihilist Lodge to which he belonged, and the notice he held was apparently a summons to attend a meeting of a sister lodge in the capital. He struck a match and burned the paper; then meditated for a moment as to whether he should ignore the summons or go to the Lodge and give his resignation. He was beginning to think that all this Nihilism was folly. What did the people want after all? Paul Walitzin had no fault to find with the Government; he had dined well, he had a cross on his breast, and two golden epaulets on his shoulders; why could not the millions be as satisfied with their condition as he was?

After some deliberation he put on his cap again, thrust a revolver into his pocket, and walked out, resolving that he would obey the summons and cut off his connection with Nihilism straightway. He was a brave man, and did not recoil at the idea that he might have to face the expostulations of a whole assembly of angry revolutionists. He reasoned about the matter rather guilelessly, as if he could leave the association in which he had been enrolled as easily as an ordinary club.

Fedor Street was not far from the quarter in which Paul lived. It was a handsome, new street, and No. 6 in it was a large mansion of palatial aspect. This rather surprised the Captain, for the meetings of his Lodge at Ekaterinoslav had been held in the back parlour of a sordid tea-house. He rang, and the door was opened by a footman in livery, who closed it behind the visitor without a word; and then touched the button of an electric bell. Another footman appeared, relieved him of his cap and overcoat, and conducted him up a thickly-carpeted staircase into a chamber that looked like a lady's boudoir. The footman would have taken Paul's sword, too, but this the officer would not permit. He was beginning to feel uneasy by this time. The sight of a lady's fan lying on a pale blue satin ottoman did not tend to reassure him. On the table stood a silver samovar and a china tray, with two cups, out of which tea had just been drunk. What could all this mean?

During ten full minutes Paul was left alone, then a door was softly opened, and the officer stood transfixed with astonishment and horror on being confronted by a general in full uniform. He drew himself up and, with a trembling hand, made the military salute. The General was not known to him by name, but he recognised his features from having seen him at reviews. He was a tall, swarthy man, with a stern face and bushy eyebrows. His thin clear-cut nose denoted the Circassian type, and his eyes shone like a wolf's on a dark night. He held a plumed helmet under his arm, and his breast blazed with a constellation of orders. Returning Paul's salute, he stopped at arm's length from him and proceeded to make three signals, which indicated that he was a member of a Nihilist Lodge. He laid three fingers of his right hand, on his forehead, then on his lips, next on his breast. After this he covered his eyes for a moment with his two hands; finally he placed his hands behind his back, clasped them, and bent his neck, assuming the attitude of a prisoner who is manacled. These movements having been rapidly executed, he motioned to Paul to come and sit beside him on the ottoman, and said quietly, "Be seated, Walitzin; we are going to have a talk."

Paul obeyed; but the sensation he experienced was one of sickening dismay. Though relieved from the fear that had possessed him at first sight of the General, when he apprehended that he was going to be court-martialed for conspiracy, he now felt overcome by the thought that such a man as this General should be an accomplice of the Revolutionists.

Then it was true, as old Captain Snarischew used to say, that Russian society was honeycombed, and that the Nihilists had confederates near the very steps of the throne? The reflection was far from comforting to an officer who was beginning to entertain loyal feelings towards the Crown out of gratitude for having been kindly dealt with.

The General began to speak; but he perceived that Paul was not yet collected enough to understand what was being said to him. So he paused for a moment, and commenced again:—"Walitzin, we are both working for the same cause," he said. "I have shown myself to you in full uniform the better to prove how entirely I trust you, and also that you may have an exact idea of how important the revolutionary movement is since men in my position are participants in it. The fact is our plans are ripe now, and the moment has come for action. The Lodge of Ekaterinoslav has informed us that you are a man whose courage, nerve, and good faith can be relied on, so you have been chosen to be one of our instruments. To-morrow you will be on guard at the Marble Palace, and you will see the Czar there. . . ." Here the General lowered his voice, and went on speaking in whispers till Paul checked him with an exclamation of horror.

"General," he cried hoarsely, as he rose, "you are asking me to act like a criminal. I will take no part in a dastardly deed of treachery and murder."

"You forget your oaths of obedience," said the General, coldly.

"I never swore to be an assassin."

"You took oaths to obey the orders of your Lodge whatever they should be, and to hold every act righteous which should tend to the deliverance of our country."

"Well, if I did I was wrong, and I retract my oath," said Paul, disdainfully. "I answered your summons to-night with the intention of resigning. Your plot seem to me mischievous, and your principles untenable. I wish to break off my connection with the Brotherhood."

"That means that because your stomach is full you think others have no right to be hungry," sneered the General; "but I must remind you, Walitzin, that you hold the secrets of our Association, and cannot leave us. If you do not fulfil your oaths you are a traitor, and we shall punish you as such."

"I suppose you will have me murdered—eh?"

"Oh, no," replied the General, calmly. "If you do not obey the orders I give you I shall have you arrested as a Nihilist and transported to Siberia."

The cool audacity of this threat made Paul Walitzin stare. His lip curled, and he eyed the General for a moment as if he contemplated drawing his sword and cutting him down where he sat, like a noxious wild beast. The older Nihilist, however, had taken up a

cigarette and lit it. After waiting a full minute to see what Paul would say, he blew a contemptuous puff towards him, and ejaculated: "Look here, Walitzin, it is good for the interest of our cause that a useless Nihilist should be arrested now and then in order that the police may pride themselves upon having made a great catch, and be thrown upon a false scent by the discovery of worthless papers. The victims we select for these sacrifices are open traitors or squeamish weaklings like yourself. I warn you that the net in which you are entangled will prove so strong that it will be of no use for you to try to slip, or break through it. Now decide upon what your course shall be."

"That which separates me from you," answered Paul defiantly. "I am no traitor, and your secrets are safe in my keeping; but I am not a cut-throat either, and if I am to stand in jeopardy because I desire to preserve my honour untarnished, well I shall claim the protection of persons who, perhaps, will prove as powerful as you."

"You are thinking of Princess Valdine, I daresay," retorted the General, with an evil laugh. "Well, try her, my friend. Good night."

Paul Walitzin did not require a second word of dismissal. He saluted his queer superior as he had done before, turned his back upon him, and left the room. Downstairs the two footmen came forward with his cap and overcoat, and ushered him out with every mark of respect. It was a March night, but not too cold, and Paul had come on foot. When the door closed upon him, and he stood on the pavement of the street again, he paused for a moment irresolute, as if to ask himself whether he had not been dreaming. Was it possible that he had been conversing with a real General who had instigated him to a nefarious deed of bloodshed; and could it really be that he was in danger of transportation as a penalty for non-compliance? The thing seemed so absurd that the idea of an elaborate hoax suggested itself to the young officer's mind.

He glanced down the street and saw an empty droschki coming at a jog-trot—its three horses jingling their bells tunefully. The driver rocked on his seat and howled snatches of a song, being presumably drunk, as it is the custom of his craft to be of an evening.

"Hey! *istvostchik!* tell me whose house that is?" cried Paul, halting him to stop, and pointing to the mansion he had just left.

"That, my gracious lord, is the residence of General Count Brekoff. Long may he live," answered the coachman, obsequiously, when he had reined in.

"What, Brekoff, the commander of the 2nd Infantry Division?"

"The same, my gracious lord; and now where shall I have the happiness of driving you?"

"To the Valdine Palace," answered Paul, as he jumped into the trap, "and go quick."

In less than ten minutes Paul had reached the house of his patroness. It was late, but he saw lights in the windows of the front reception-room; and so he handed his card to the *dvornik*, craving that the Princess would favour him with a private audience of a few minutes. The hall porter sent up this request by a major-domo, and the reply came down immediately that Captain Walitzin was to be shown up stairs.

He went panting with emotion, for the communication he had to make was one which he would not have dared to lay before any other soul alive, but the Princess. He was ushered into a card-room brilliantly lighted, but deserted. The Princess entered almost immediately. She was superbly dressed; and her arms, neck, and hair all glittered with jewels. There was an inquiring look in her lovely eyes, and a something soft in her manner, which induced her visitor to feel sure of her support, and to speak to her without reserve.

He sobbed like a boy. Then told her all in a few words, hurriedly, and with an imploring accent.

"Well?" she said rather coldly when he came to a halt—and she toyed with her fan as she spoke—"What have you decided to do?"

"Can you ask, madam?—Why, in mercy tell me what I must do! I come to you for advice."

"If you put it in that way," said the Princess, articulating each word slowly, and raising her glance archly from her fan till it met his eyes and seemed to fascinate him, "If you want my advice, I should . . . recommend you to keep your oath."

"What! my oath to the Nihilists?"

"Yes; I rather like soldiers who keep their oaths," said the Princess, turning away, but glancing at him over her shoulder with a smile of parting—a smile that seemed to say: "Be a man—don't bawl."

"Great God!—you a Nihilist too!" exclaimed Paul in an agonised tone; and he staggered from the room, feeling as if the earth failed beneath his feet, and as if there were a red veil before his eyes, covering all things with a bloody mist.

III.

THE discovery that Princess Valdine was a Nihilist led Paul to suppose that her voyage to Ekaterinoslav had been undertaken on revolutionary business—probably to confer with the chiefs of provincial Lodges—and that, in befriending him, she had from the first designed that he should serve as an instrument to the conspirators. The unfortunate officer could only reason upon this vaguely, for his mind was off its balance; but he felt a deep sense of humiliation at having been duped. His gratitude towards the Princess vanished. He was justly incensed to think that she and her accomplice Brekoff had coolly projected to make him run all the danger of a sanguinary enterprise, the profits of which—if any—would accrue to themselves.

The dreadful nature of the dilemma in which he stood placed soon forced him to compose his nerves. Self-preservation was becoming his first duty; but at the same he thought almost as much about the Czar as about himself. It filled him with pity to see this lonely ruler of millions living amongst hidden enemies, betrayed by those whom he trusted most, threatened by those he loved best.

Walitzin was a soldier. He could have joined in a plot which would have led to an insurrection with fair fighting in the streets. He could have rallied to the revolutionary flag, and, if necessary, have suffered the death of a mutineer without feeling himself dishonoured; but this dark savagery of cowardly murder to which he was being instigated made his blood indignantly boil.

What should he do? As he walked home through the empty streets he stopped more than once to ask himself this question. The uppermost idea in his mind was that he ought to warn the Czar; but how warn him? After what had befallen this night Paul would not have trusted a single one among the Czar's servants—no, not the Chief of the Third Section himself. If such persons as General Brekoff and the Princess Valdine were Nihilists it might well be that even higher people were enrolled in the accused conspiracy. Apparently not a Russian could be trusted except the members of the Czar's own family—the Grand Dukes and Duchesses, who were exposed, like His Majesty, to the designs of the assassin, the poisoner, and the incendiary.

"I'll warn the Grand Duke Alexis," ejaculated Paul, suddenly.

"He is honorary Colonel of my regiment, and I have a right to ask audience of him. "I'll make a full confession, and throw myself on his mercy. I shall be safer than now."

Muttering these words to himself, he quickened his step, and made haste to reach the Marble Palace. But as he walked he did not perceive that two men in cloaks were following him. They had not lost sight of him since he left the Valdine Palace. When he

slackened his pace or stopped, they concealed themselves within the recesses of the doors; when he walked fast they did so too. They followed him as far as the Marble Palace, and when he had gone in followed it three times. Instantly one of them drew out a whistle and blew it three times. Instantly the guard of fifty men on duty at the Palace turned out with their two officers, and the command was given to fix bayonets. The two men who had followed Walitzin beckoned the officers aside, and spoke to them in whispers.

All unconscious of what was taking place outside, Paul, in the vestibule of the Palace, had asked the servants if he could see the Grand Duke Alexis. Hearing that His Imperial Highness had retired to rest, he requested to be shown into a room where he could write a letter that must be taken to the Prince at once. The sight of Paul's uniform and of the cross on his breast caused him to be obeyed at once. He was introduced into a waiting-room, and stationery was brought him. But he had scarcely written three lines before the door opened and the room was filled with soldiers, headed by two officers with drawn swords.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Paul, starting up with his hand to the hilt of his own sword.

"Seize him!" exclaimed a man in a cloak stepping forward. He wore the black braided cap of an officer of police. "Paul Walitzin, I arrest you for conspiracy. You came here to take the Grand Duke Alexis's life."

"Who told you that foul lie?" gasped Paul, but before he could speak another word he was seized, overborne, and forced to the ground. Handcuffs were put on to his wrists, and his ankles were bound together with whipcord. Then the police officers, for there were two of them, fumbled in his pockets.

"There is a revolver," exclaimed one, "and a dagger and a parcel of letters."

"The dagger and the letters were brought by you," shouted Paul, suffocating with rage.

"Tut, tut, we shall see," answered the official. "Now, off with this man to the House of Detention, and see that he is well guarded." Paul was lifted up between four soldiers by his arms and legs, and carried out like a bale of goods. As he began to shout for help, calling upon the Grand Duke by name, one of the police officers forced a ball of cotton wool into his mouth. Then he was helpless.

The next day a rumour was circulated through the city that an attempt had been made upon the Grand Duke Alexis's life by an officer of the Cuirassier Guards. The details did not get into the papers, for no official currency was given to them, and in such cases editors understand that the authorities wish to hush a matter up. But everybody knew the supposed culprit's name, and it was said that documents of a most compromising character had been discovered in his lodgings. Two or three days later it was bruited that Paul Walitzin was to be tried for his life, and that the President of the Secret Court-Martial would be General Brekoff.

All this was true. Documents in heaps had been found in Paul's apartments, but it is needless to say that he had no knowledge of them; nor did he even hear that such a discovery had been made. He was kept a fast prisoner in one of the cells of the House of Detention—an unwarmed place that was almost pitch dark, and where his only food was black bread and water. He saw nobody, and when he appealed to his gaolers to tell him if he was going to be judged he could get no answer.

Thus ten days elapsed, and at length one afternoon Paul was called out of his cell, and conducted into one of the upper rooms of the prison. Here he found three officers in full uniform seated at a table, the chief of them being Brekoff. This rascal was examining some papers which formed the indictment against Paul, and which had been drawn up by a fourth officer, who acted as prosecutor, and sat at a table apart.

Guards encircled the prisoner behind, and a pair of policemen with drawn swords stood between him and the table. But when Paul caught sight of Brekoff he turned deadly pale, and all hope expired within him. He remembered the words, "You are entangled in a net so strong that you will not find it possible to slip or break through it."

"Are these men to be my judges?" he asked in a broken voice of one of the soldiers, who made no reply.

"Yes, I am here to judge you," answered Brekoff, quietly. "Will you plead to the charge that is preferred?"

"Not before you," exclaimed Paul contemptuously. "You are a Nihilist yourself; and a double-dyed scoundrel into the bargain."

"Well, we will hear the witnesses, then," rejoined the General quite unruffled. "They are not many; but their evidence will put you to silence."

The burlesque of a trial was then gone through. The police-agents who had arrested Paul were called, and deposed to finding a dagger and letters in his pockets, also some treasonable documents in his rooms. The while the prisoner stood with his arms folded, disdainful and despairing. He concluded that both Brekoff's fellow-judges were Nihilists like himself, and that it was of no use to ask them for justice. He did not even seek to contradict the evidence offered; and when asked by Brekoff whether he had anything to say in defence, he answered that he would appeal to the Grand Duke Alexis in person: "He is my Colonel," he said; "and cannot refuse to hear me."

Thereupon the three judges laid their heads together, and General Brekoff said: "Paul Walitzin, for the heinous crime of which you stand convicted, you are sentenced to be degraded and shot. The execution will take place to-morrow."

"To-morrow? And where?"

"In this prison; the city being under martial law we are empowered to order summary execution."

Paul had stood till then so quietly that his escort were off their guard; but on learning Brekoff's sentence, which not only doomed him to death but deprived him of all chances of self-exculpation, the prisoner darted forward, wrenched a sabre out of the hands of one of the two policemen, and rushed to the table. As he did so, the second policeman made a slash at him and cut him over the cheek, whilst a soldier thrusting with his bayonet pierced him through the shoulder. All this was done in an instant; but it did not save Brekoff.

Though drenched with blood Paul whirled his sabre aloft over Brekoff's head, the felon General started back ducking down to avoid the blow, but the chair tottered, and he lost his balance. The cut descended full upon his brow, cleaving his head and killing him outright before he could lift a hand to protect himself. But at the same moment one of the other judges caught up revolver from the table and two shots resounded. Paul, mortally wounded, staggered back, and fell on the floor of the Court.

He was not yet dead, however. He managed to prop himself on an elbow, and to gasp while the life stream flowed from him: "Long live the Czar! Tell his Majesty I said that. These men are his enemies. Perdition to them—"

And once more he murmured before dying: "Long live our little Father—long live the Czar!"

The funeral of the "martyred" General Brekoff was attended in great state by several members of the Imperial family; and his widow was granted a handsome pension. The Princess Valdine, who had a taste for literature, composed him a feeling epitaph. As for Paul Walitzin, his name was given out to the world as that of one of the most dangerous of conspirators; and after his death many persons were arrested as his accomplices. Moreover, the police got credit for having obtained valuable clues to divers other

Nihilist plots. Possibly Princess Valdine knew better than the police what these clues were worth; but she was a great lady, whom nobody could think of interrogating on such subjects.

She continues to flourish in great honour.

E. C. GRENVILLE-MURRAY

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS

THE extent to which Art is followed as a profession by ladies in this country is strikingly manifested in the exhibition which has just been opened at the gallery in Great Marlborough Street. It contains more than seven hundred pictures and drawings by about half that number of artists; and although among them there is no work of decided originality, nothing that is likely to leave a permanent impression on the memory, there are more examples of competent workmanship combined with artistic feeling than in any of the Society's previous displays. Landscape studies in water-colours as usual occupy the most important place in the exhibition, and it is in this department that the greatest amount of success has been achieved. Very few of the oil pictures show any mastery over the technical difficulties of the method, and in the figure subjects the absence of accurate knowledge of form is almost everywhere apparent. In nothing is an artistic intention more clearly to be discerned than in Teresa Thornycroft's large picture of "Dives and Lazarus." The subject is conceived in an original spirit, and a fine sense of pictorial beauty is shown both in the grouping of the figures and in the scheme of colour. Notwithstanding its obvious shortcomings—it's imperfect execution and its occasional incorrectness of design—it is one of the most promising productions that we have lately seen. There is no lack of executive ability in the four portraits by Mrs. Louise Jopling. That representing "Frankie M——" is especially good. Besides being painted with a facile and decisive touch, it is life-like in expression and rich in colour. Strikingly in contrast with the pure and glowing flesh-tints in this picture is the earthy and opaque colour of the face of the "Bavarian Peasant," by Teresa Schwartz. Apart from this defect, which is common to the School to which it belongs, the picture has, however, unquestionable merit; the head is full of character, and, as well as the hands, is well drawn, and painted with realistic force. By Hilda Montalba there is a sketch, "On the Giudecca," remarkable for its sober harmony of colour; and by Lady Gordon two very broadly painted and effective Roman garden scenes.

Of the water-colour drawings none is better entitled to notice than Maud Naftel's "Farmyard at Great Marlow." The varied vegetation, vivid with the freshness of early summer, and the picturesque group of buildings are portrayed with equal care and completeness, and with a fine sense of the beauty that lies in their harmonious combination. Next to this hangs a picture of "Queen Street, Great Yarmouth," by Victoria Hine, remarkable not less for its delicate gradations of tone than its truth of local character. Blanche Macarthur's "Farm House, Totteridge," is a very satisfactory work, pure in colour, and true to nature both in detail and general effect. Among other landscapes which rise above the ordinary level are a picturesque street scene, "The Fisherman's Home, St. Malo," by Mrs. Lennard Lewis; a vigorously painted and apparently truthful view of "The Sound of Kerrera, Oban," by Miss K. Macauley; a low-toned and effective moorland scene, "Moon Rising," by Jane Deakin; and several drawings of very small size by Marian Edwards and Mary Forster. As usual in these exhibitions, pictures of still life are to be found in abundance. Harriet Harrison's "King Cups," Ella Hepworth Dixon's "Rhododendrons," and Miss Stannard's "Peaches" have some artistic qualities to recommend them; but the best work of the kind, the one distinguished above all others by purity of colour, by tasteful arrangement, and facile but finished workmanship, is Maud Naftel's group of "Primulas and Pelargoniums."

THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

THE artists associated for the purpose of giving periodical exhibitions of pictures and otherwise affording facilities for technical education in the City, have been fortunate in obtaining the Hall of the Company of Skinners, in Dowgate Hill, for their first display. Both the large hall, in which the oil pictures are hung, and the smaller room devoted to water-colours, are well-lighted, and in every way adapted for the purpose.

The present exhibition does not call for extended notice, for though it contains many meritorious and some excellent works, a large proportion, including some of the best, have been shown before, and some very recently. A few eminent artists, not members of the Society, have, however, lent their aid to the enterprise, and their contributions form the most attractive features of the collection.

We first meet with a strikingly effective half-length figure of a man in armour called "A Study," by Mr. J. Pettie, R.A., full of character, and painted with extraordinary freedom and vigour. It is one of the best of the painter's works of the kind, wanting only a slight admixture of cool colour in the flesh-tints to be entirely satisfactory. Sir Frederick Leighton sends a very small picture, to which no title is affixed, representing a young girl seen in profile. The head, which is one of refined beauty, and undisturbed by any expression, is admirably drawn and modelled in all its contours with consummate care and completeness. Unlike this picture, the portrait of a lady, "Sibyl," by Mr. Calderon, R.A., which hangs next to it, is remarkable for its extreme vivacity of expression. By Mr. Sant there is a "Portrait" in his usual style; and by Mr. Alma-Tadema a picture, rich in colour and splendidly painted, of a lady holding a bunch of orchids to her face, called "Beauties." It seems that the Society has been disappointed of some promised contributions, for in a list of exhibitors prefixed to the catalogue are the names of several members and associates of the Academy, including Mr. Millais, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Frith, and Mr. Fildes, none of whose works are to be found on the walls. Among the remaining works which we have not seen before are Mr. R. M'Gregor's "Winter," remarkable for its sombre harmony of tone; Mr. J. R. Reid's vigorous and truthful sketch of "The Thames, from Pickle Herring Stairs"; and several excellent studies painted directly from Nature by Mr. J. White.

In the water-colour room there are two forest scenes, with groups of armed men in Sir John Gilbert's best style; they are both rich in tone, and in both the figures and landscape are most felicitously combined. Here also are a drawing of "Puerto del Vino, Alhambra," in which the impression of bright sunlight is vividly rendered by Mr. W. Lockhart, and a sketch strongly suggestive of light and movement, "Over the Old Sand Road," by Mr. J. Steele.

The examples of sculpture include several admirable terra-cotta busts by J. E. Boehm, A.R.A.; and statues of various degrees of merit by Mr. J. Lawlor, Mr. H. Thornycroft, and Count Gleichen; but the only new work, we believe, is the well-modelled and life-like bust of "The Lord Mayor," by Mr. C. B. Birch.

CHINESE DOMESTICS IN SAN FRANCISCO, when leaving a situation, have an unpleasant habit of leaving a character of their mistress for the benefit of their successors. Many a mistress has been puzzled to guess why her "China-boys" leave so soon, until one day she discovers some odd writing inscribed behind a mirror, or under a table in the kitchen department, and when she gets a neutral Celestial to interpret the writing, she often finds sufficient harsh criticisms on her housekeeping to account for the sudden departure of her servants.



THE authoress of "Christy Carew" (Bentley and Son) possesses an intimate acquaintance with Roman Catholic society in the capital of the sister isle. Her little work, "Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor" was one of the most charming pamphlets we have read for some time, and if "Christy Carew" falls short in interest it is merely because of its greater length. By far the majority of the characters are admirably drawn, the pompous Lord Mayor, the flighty Mrs. Carew, the unfortunate Esther, and the worthy Father Considine would be sufficient in themselves to ensure the success of any book, and we can confidently say that, in spite of a deficiency of plot, incident, and dialogue, "Christy Carew" is a thoroughly enjoyable novel.

"Young Lord Penrith," by John Berwick Harwood (Hurst and Blackett).—There is a flavour of improbability about this book which will make it extremely appetising to the novelistic gourmet. Two shipwrecks, a railway collision, two murders, and a suicide form Mr. Harwood's stock in trade, and with these he has made a fairly successful venture; he scarcely aspires to the rôle of a great writer, for he has only just mastered the rudiments of his art. Were the author to deal with possibilities, not with impossibilities, he might fail to produce a startling, but we think he might achieve a readable, book.

Mrs. Newton Sears, the authoress of "Kismet" and "Cleansing Fires," has cast upon the world a three-volumed novel entitled "Folly" (Remington). The title describes the book so accurately that further criticism is needless.

"Queen of the Meadow," by Charles Gibbon (Chatto and Windus).—Mr. Gibbon has given us an admirable picture of English country life among the yeomen classes, reminding us much of Anthony Trollope at his best. There is a good deal of playing at cross purposes in the love making, and were it not that women in fiction are described as even more incomprehensible than in real life, we should be disposed to say that it would be impossible for such a girl as Polly Holt to bestow a second thought on Mr. Walton when once she had learnt the true state of Michael Hazell's feelings. However, this byplay is the strong part of Mr. Gibbon's work, and there can be no doubt that he has succeeded in producing a most interesting novel, true and life-like throughout, devoid of any approach to sensationalism.

In casting the plot of "Claude Branca's Promise" (S. Tinsley and Co.) Miss Clifton, though a novice, has availed herself of a very old novelistic trick. An Italian girl, famed for beauty as much as for a glorious voice, is wooed and won by the heir to a proud English earl; the young gentleman really marries her, but, on being summoned home to the deathbed of his uncle, leaves his young wife in ignorance of her own name and prospective position. Reduced to want, she is unable to communicate with him, and when she dies, their child is brought up only to feel hatred towards his father. A chance accident throws parent and child together before the close of the first volume, and the remaining two are filled with pleasantly told tales of the lives of the Earl of Errington and his son, Lord Carden, erstwhile Claude Branca. In spite of the hackneyed plot the story is well told, Mrs. Wentworth and Claude being particularly charming characters, and the old Earl, though possessing many peculiarities, is drawn with much tenderness and feeling. "Claude Branca's Promise" is a novel decidedly above par, and betrays an evident knowledge of the world, combined with real delicacy of feeling. Miss Clifton is to be congratulated on a striking success.

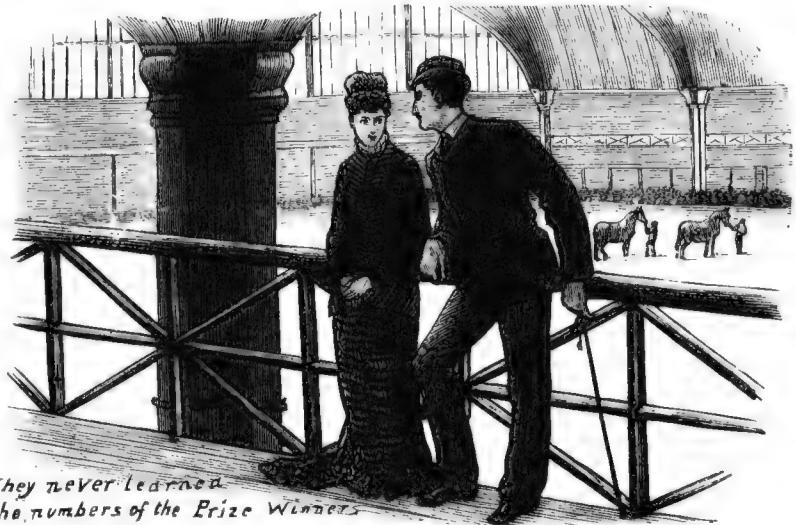
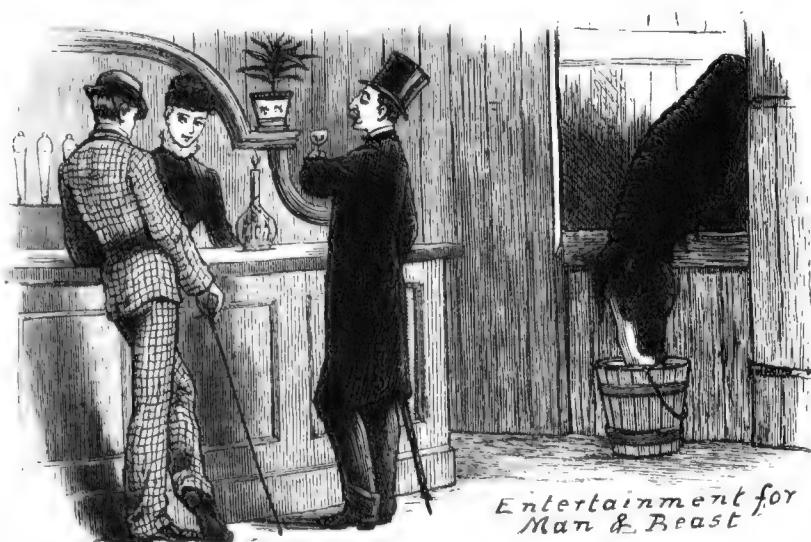
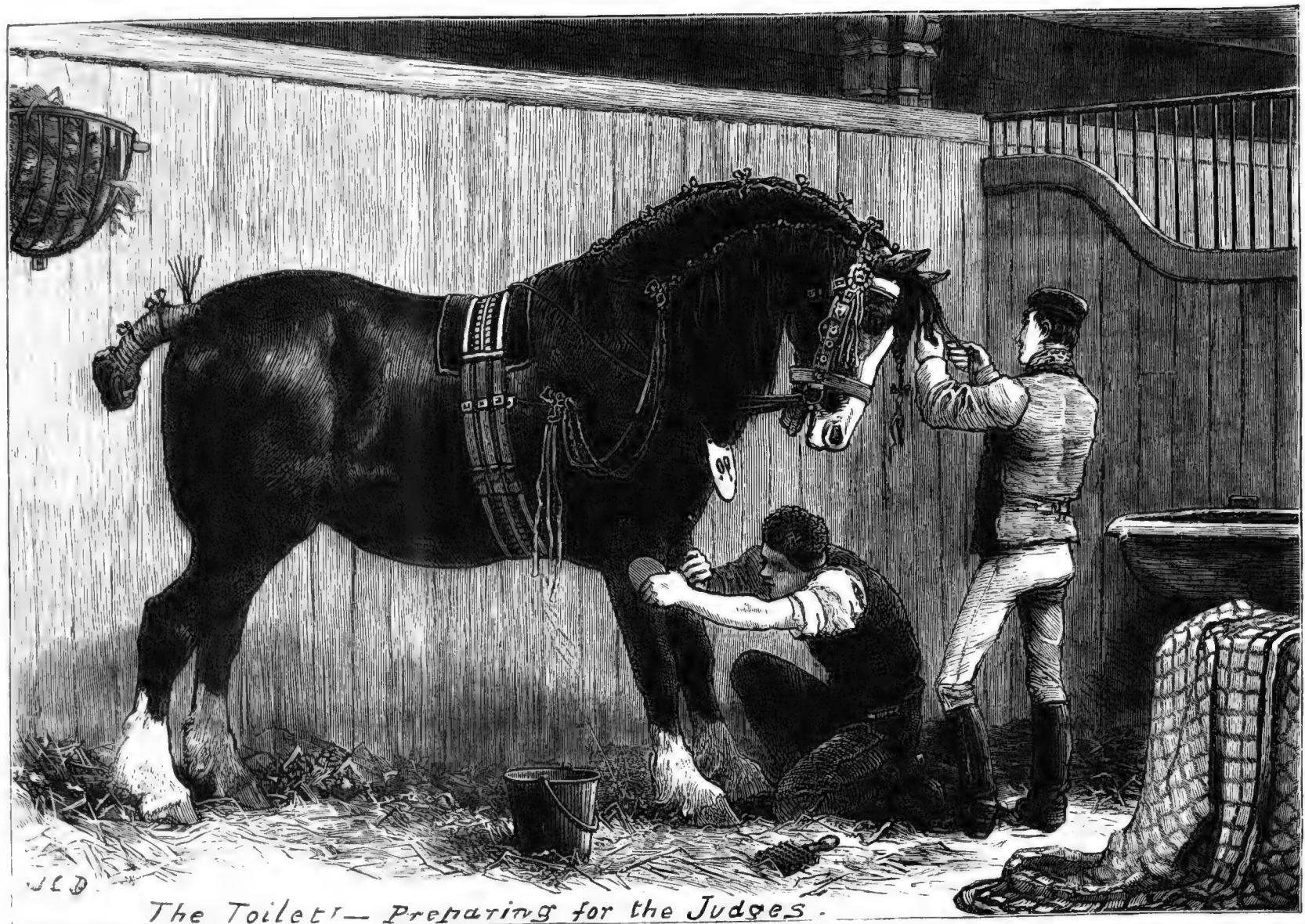
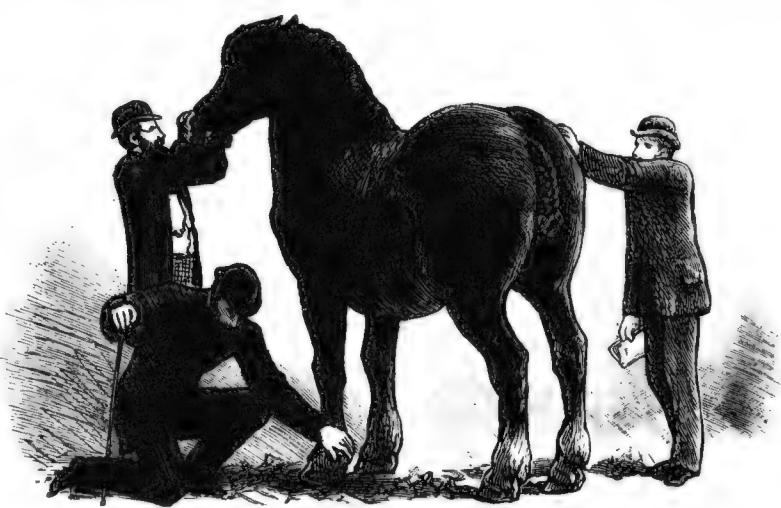
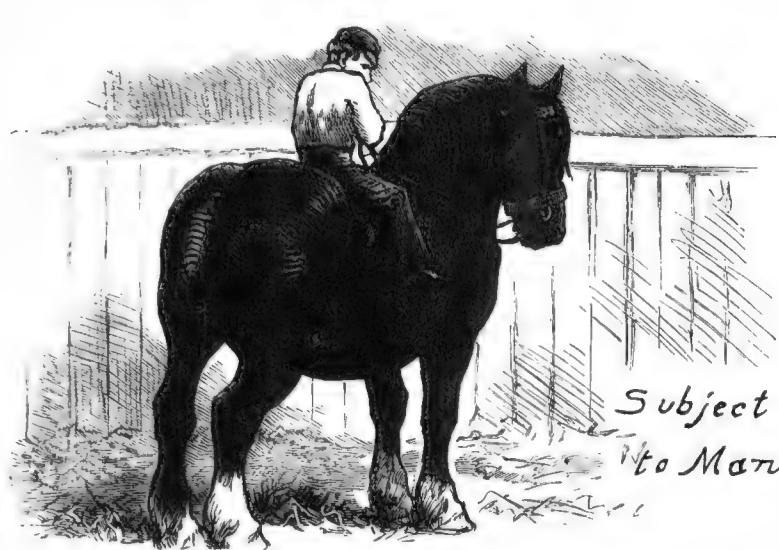
Messieurs Besant and Rice have already made their mark in the world as the joint authors of some of the most remarkable novels of the day. "The Golden Butterfly" evinced rare power both of interest and execution, and few will question our dictum that "The Seamy Side" (which, after running the usual career of a magazine story, now appears as a three-volumed novel) is by far the most powerful production of these talented gentlemen. It is impossible to avoid feeling the warmest interest in the book, and few who have once taken it up will lay it down until they have unravelled the fascinating plot. Even the most repulsive characters are drawn with rare fidelity and painstaking labour, whilst those whose virtues and goodness enchain our fancy are sketched with deep feeling. Alison Hamblin is a splendid girl, and the young Albino cousin, Nicolas Cridland, imp though he appears in the earlier pages, displays great acumen and many good qualities before the work closes. "The Seamy Side" is undoubtedly a novel of the highest class, and enhances the already high reputation of Messrs. Besant and Rice.

THE ROGUE IN THE TEA-POT.—The officials appointed to perform the good work cut out for them by the Adulteration of Food Act can scarcely be congratulated on their vigilance in discovering or their promptitude in attacking and routing the common enemy. When first, all armed, they took the field a foeman worthy their steel was found in the milkman. That the trade in question numbered amongst its followers a large number of rapacious and unscrupulous adulterators there is no denying, and considering the importance of the article, especially in connexion with the well-being—the very lives—of the infant population, the utmost rigour of the law was no more than the fraudulent milkman's deserves. In this particular instance the inspectors undoubtedly scored a victory, and sophisticated milk is now decidedly the exception instead of being as it once was the almost invariable rule. But what has been done since? The Act has skirmished slightly with suspected mustard and pepper, it has mildly remonstrated with the publican for drowning his gin with water, and given some attention to the illegal alliance of chicory with coffee; but there are other articles of food that figure in the dietary scale of the whole community, and with which dishonest tricks are notoriously played that somehow or other altogether escape investigation. It cannot be unknown to those whose duty it is to attend to such matters that at the present time there is an enormous quantity—several millions of pounds, according to the testimony of the leading brokers and dealers—of tea in the retail market utterly unfit for human consumption. How it was contrived that the rubbish should reach the retail market need not here be discussed. We have reliable evidence that it is there, and it is the duty of the appointed officers to discover it, and bring the vendors forward to be punished. It may be that it is difficult to distinguish the false article from the genuine, but that surely should be an argument in favour of instituting the strictest inquiry. The Act in question was designed expressly for the protection of poor and ignorant people whom rogues can easily impose on; and, knowing not in the least how to judge of tea from its appearance in shape of an uncooked leaf, the labouring classes are quite at the grocer's mercy. The purchaser may detect something "peculiar" in the taste of the brew, but, aware that teas differ in flavour, he adds a little more milk or sugar to make it more palatable, and swallows it down. But the mischief of it is he will not always swallow it down. The chances are, that after a few repetitions of the "peculiar" taste, he will turn from tea in disgust, and take to malt liquors instead. Considering the important part played by tea as an encourager of sobriety amongst the people, it is much too bad that a few conscienceless rogues should be permitted to bring the precious herb into discredit for the sake of iniquitous gain.



A SIGNAL ON THE HORIZON—"HER UNION-JACK IS AT THE FORE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. C. HOOK, R.A.

MARCH 13, 1880





RUSSIA.—Matters do not manifest much improvement in St. Petersburg. General Melikoff's would-be assassin, who turned out to be a baptized Jew, named Wladetsky, has been tried, condemned, and hanged with the utmost promptitude, but he remained calm and defiant to the last, declaring that although his attempt had failed, a second would be made, and if that miscarried yet another man would be found to execute the deed. Nor is there any abatement of the uneasy feeling which now appears to pervade all circles in St. Petersburg, while the Nihilists are as active as ever in issuing denunciatory manifestoes, declaring that they will be satisfied with nothing less than a Constitution and the abdication of the Czar, to which the Government replies by unlimited arrests and domiciliary visits. According, however, to the latest reports from St. Petersburg, General Melikoff has begun to think that, perhaps, after all there has been a little too much "repression" of late, and is now constantly closeted with the Czarewitch, with whom he is said to be busy drawing up a scheme of liberal reforms, by the promulgation of which it is hoped that the Nihilist party will be divided, and consequently weakened. The scheme is stated to include comparative liberty of the Press, restrictions of the authority of the police, the extension of the prerogatives of the provincial councils, and the free expression of opinion. These reforms are to be entrusted to twenty-six Committees—one for each of the governments of Russia. A revision of the past political trials is also to be made by a Special Commission composed of non-officials, and it is expected that some of the recent sentences of exile will be quashed. Indeed, it is the general opinion that many innocent persons have been sent to Siberia, and from Odessa alone no fewer than 600 prisoners have been deported, most of whom in an ordinary trial would not have been visited with such an extreme sentence.

The refusal of the French Government to give up Hartmann, who is suspected to have been implicated in the attempt to blow up the Imperial train at Moscow, has naturally caused considerable irritation in Russia, though the official organs attempt to explain the incident by declaring that the evidence against him was not considered sufficient by the French Government rather than that the latter had acted from a motive of principle. The *Agence Russe* declares the Government's refusal to be both "deplorable and serious," but the *Nord* finds comfort in the fact that the incident will at least have the effect of reassuring the most obstinately suspicious amongst the Berlin organs as to a possibility of an alliance between Russia and France. There is certainly consolation to be found in all things, if we only look for it.

FRANCE.—The long looked-for battle has been fought, and the much-discussed Seventh Article of M. Jules Ferry's Superior Education Bill, which aimed at the complete suppression of all Jesuit teaching, has been thrown out by 148 to 129 votes—nearly the whole strength of the Senate having assembled for the occasion. Very powerful speeches were made on both sides, M. Jules Ferry delivering a violent denunciatory oration against the doctrines of the Jesuits, and, indeed, of the priests in general, while, on the other hand, M. Jules Simon begged his hearers, in sustaining the traditions of the Revolution of 1789—not to hold back "one called freedom of education and of thought." "Doctrines," he added, "are not to be put an end to by proscription, but by discussions and demonstrations. They must be discussed in broad daylight; recourse must not be had to force." M. de Freycinet then followed, warmly advocating the clause, and asking whether "the great jurists, who advocated the expulsion of the Jesuits, were enemies of religion? Did M. Thiers and M. Guizot, in 1848, wish to attack religion? M. Guizot was then negotiating with the Holy See, and the Pope agreed that the Jesuits not only should have no right to teach, but should no longer be able to exist on the footing of a corporation. Could he have wished to weaken religion? . . . If this Bill were rejected, the Executive would be summoned to enforce the much harsher laws at its disposal." The debate closed with a speech from M. Dufaure against the clause, declaring that he saw no harm in the present schools, which had existed for thirty years. He judged them not by their books, but by their pupils, who proved excellent officers, differing from the others only in attending mass. The Senate, in rejecting the clause, manifestly did not act from any love to the Jesuits, but from simple motives of fair play, impartiality, and the wish to check that demagogic tyranny which, in its way, is infinitely worse than the arbitrary action of an autocrat.

The Government, in accordance with the report of M. Cazot, the Minister of Justice, has refused to extradite the Russian refugee, Hartmann, on the ground that "neither identity nor culpability had been sufficiently established," but with strange inconsistency has deported the unfortunate man to England. Why, if the man was declared not guilty he was not permitted to remain in France it is difficult to say. There have not been many other topics of outside interest, but the announcement of the Dissolution of the English Parliament has, of course, been widely discussed, the *Temps* remarking that "two foreign policies, action and abstention, are now being brought face to face."

In PARIS Mid-Lent was kept with rather more than the usual festivities, thanks probably to an extremely fine day, and the washer-women paraded the streets in very grand style.—The theatrical novelties have been the long promised opera *Jean de Nivelle*, by MM. Gondinet, Gille, and Délibes, produced with great success at the Opera-Comique, a three-act comedy by MM. Meilhac and Halévy at the Variétés, entitled *La Petite Mère*, which has not proved so successful as the productions of these authors usually are, and a three-act operetta, by M. A. Cédès, at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, entitled *La Girouette*.—The immense storehouses of the Messageries Nationales have been completely burnt down, the damage being estimated at 80,000/.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck has said that he foresaw the action of France in not delivering up Hartmann to the Russian Government, and while declaring how much he abhorred the author of the crime and his accomplices, pointed out how the otherwise popular Government of Lord Palmerston was overthrown in consequence of the proposed "Conspiracy Bill" after the Orsini attempt on Napoleon III. He did not believe, however, that the affair would cause any "serious" interruption in the relations between Russia and France. This was said at the Prince's Parliamentary Dinner, at which, for some reason or other, he appears to have been unusually talkative. Reverting to Austria, he announced that the relations of Germany with that country were most intimate, while, coming back to domestic affairs, he declared himself to be highly pleased at the unprecedented rapidity with which the Imperial accounts had this year been passed by Parliament, and then, turning to the Kulturkampf, he stated that the pending negotiations with the Vatican were progressing favourably. He felt convinced that "Rome would come in time to see the expediency of making concessions which presumably would be paid back with similar coin on the part of Germany. But," he added, "in no circumstances would there be Canossa coin, such not being minted in Germany."

In the Reichstag there has been a sharp and interesting debate on the extension of the Socialist law, and the state of siege in Berlin until 1886, the most noteworthy speech being that of the Socialist Deputy Herr Bebel, who burst forth into a most energetic declamation against the Berlin police, and scornfully denounced the system

of espionage, such as "had hardly existed in Paris under the rule of Napoleon III." "They were not to forget," he added, "that feelings of revenge were being engendered in the hundreds of thousands whom they were oppressing." Wednesday was a festive day. The Emperor unveiled a statue in memory of his mother, Queen Louise, the Consort of Frederick William III, of Prussia. The Crown Prince returned from Italy for the purpose of attending the ceremony, which was performed amid a large concourse of people.

The forthcoming dissolution of the English Parliament is looked upon with great interest by the German Press, and the inspired *National Zeitung* declares that the removal of Lord Beaconsfield from office by an unfavourable majority would be a heavy blow to pacific tendencies in Europe, "even though we also regard him as an apostle of peace, in so far as he might deem any war of advantage to England . . . At things appear at present, we do not doubt of his success in the slightest."

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The Greek frontier question has now been taken up officially by the Powers, and Sir Henry Layard has informed the Porte that they have resolved to appoint an International Commission to discuss the points in dispute between Turkey and Greece on the basis of the 13th Protocol of the Berlin Treaty. The decision of the majority will be taken, and the new line communicated simultaneously to both Greece and the Porte. Nothing further has been heard of Colonel Syng, but the Turkish Government have despatched some 500 troops to look after Niko. H.M.S. *Invincible* has also arrived at Salonica. In Constantinople retrenchment is the order of the day. The Foreign Affairs estimates have been reduced 30 per cent., and other economical measures are talked of, while Said Pasha, the President of the Council, has ordered an accurate return to be made of all branches of revenue, so that the Budget for 1880-1 may be based upon exact data. He has relinquished half his own salary, and insists upon a reduction of all official salaries. This energetic Minister is said to meet with "difficulties" in carrying out these reforms. We should rather think he does.

ITALY.—There has been a gathering in Rome of what the Vatican papers call "the doctors of philosophy and the cultivators and encoders of science," to pay homage to Leo XIII, in response to his Encyclical *Ad Eterni Patris* on the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. On Tuesday the Pope received them in audience in the great Sala Ducale. The Pontiff entered in great State, being surrounded by almost all the members of the Sacred College now in Rome, and he was enthusiastically welcomed by a deafening shout of "Viva Leone Decimotero!" Then an address was read to him in Latin, to which the Pope replied, expressing his joy at being surrounded by such a multitude of doctors and students of true philosophy, and dwelling upon the significance of the event, especially in these days, "when science is so much lauded." He dilated upon the importance of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, and especially on its great utility as a means of combating the scepticism of the present century, pointing out that it was not opposed to the progress of natural science. "Those were in error who, without having studied it, slighted that philosophy which constituted the glory of the Christian centuries." Henceforward he would assign the saint as patron of universities, academies, and seminaries; and he strongly exhorted those present to cultivate natural science, but "in a Christian manner." The speech was hailed with tremendous applause and cheering. On Wednesday morning there was another demonstration of the Italia Irredenta party, the Roman section, headed by Signor Fratti, going to the Capitol, which, despite the police, they entered. Signor Fratti then made a seditious speech before the bust of Mazzini, in the Hall of the Conservators, affirming, amongst other things, that as a staunch Republican he believed that "the red flag would one day wave from the tower of the Capitol." On coming out he found the piazza occupied by a regiment of soldiers, by whom he was at once arrested.

On Saturday, during the experiments with the 100-ton guns on board the *Duilio* at Spezia, one of those weapons burst in two, killing no one, but wounding two officers and seven men. Twenty-eight rounds had been previously fired from the gun, and with heavier charges than those for which the gun had been designed. The gun can hardly be said to have burst in the ordinary acceptance of the term, the interior steel tube having been entirely fractured across at the point where the enlarged powder-chamber begins to slope towards the lesser part of the bore. The rest of the gun, composed of various tubes of wrought iron, had simply disengaged itself as a glass stopper might be drawn out of a bottle and not broken. The gun is divided into two pieces, the whole of the breech being separated from the muzzle, but no fragments have been broken off.

AUSTRIA AND BELGIUM.—The great event in both these countries has been the betrothal of the Crown Prince Rodolph to the Princess Stéphanie of Belgium, second daughter of the King and the Queen of the Belgians. The news has given the utmost satisfaction in Austria, as there are very few Princesses in Europe who were eligible for the young Prince, and it was feared that he would not select any one. The Princess Stéphanie, moreover, is a granddaughter of the late Archduke Joseph, for more than half a century the Palatine of Hungary, whose memory is so much cherished there, so that if only from dynastic reasons the Prince's choice is most popular. The Prince is said to have met his betrothed on his recent passage through Brussels on his way to Ireland, and in one interview to have decided upon asking her hand. The Princess is only sixteen in May, next, and is said to be one of the handsomest girls in Europe. In Belgium also the match is extremely popular, and Brussels has been brilliantly decorated in honour of the event, the King, the Queen, and the two betrothed being enthusiastically cheered on their appearance at the Opera on Monday night. The Crown Prince will stay till Easter at Brussels, while the Empress will also pay her future daughter-in-law a flying visit on her way to Vienna.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—There is no change in the situation in Afghanistan, and no news has been heard of Halibullah or his mission of negotiation to Mahomed Jan, who is still hostile, and is blockading the south-west roads. At Cabul all is quiet, and the chief interest appears to be centred in Dr. Charles Owen's dispensary, which has been opened to the natives, no fewer than 10,963 patients having been treated during our stay there. Brigadier-General Hugh Gough has assumed the temporary command of the cavalry in the place of General Massy. At Candahar all is quiet, and the Government have presented the Governor, Sirdar Shere Ali, a battery of six-pounder guns and 2,000 smooth-bore rifles—a gift of which, to judge from past experience, the wisdom is very doubtful.

THE UNITED STATES.—There is considerable uneasiness in San Francisco, as party feeling runs very high on the Chinese labour question, and a number of citizens have formed a union for the protection of life, property, and trade against mob violence. Mr. Kearney, however, denounces this union as a vigilance committee, persists in his agitation against the Chinese, and threatens vengeance against those opposed to him.—M. de Lesseps is energetically advocating his scheme for piercing the Isthmus of Panama, and he has had various interviews with the Select Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington on the subject.—The Government have placed the ship *Constellation* at the disposal of the charitable for the conveyance of food to Ireland. The *New York Herald* Fund now amounts to 56,736/., and the total American subscriptions to 181,460/.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In CANADA the Bill for legalising the marriage with a deceased wife's sister has passed the second reading by 140 against 20 votes. Mr. Parnell has been enthusiastically received by the Irishmen of Montreal, a torchlight procession being organised in his honour, and his sledge being drawn by a team of his admirers. He has, however, cancelled all his engagements, owing to the dissolution of Parliament, and was to sail for England on Thursday.—In SOUTH AMERICA the war continues, and the *Huascar*, now completely refitted, has made her *début* in the Chilean service by joining in an attack on Arica, in which, by the way, her new crew was killed.



THE QUEEN has spent some days in town this week. Before leaving Windsor, however, Her Majesty entertained the ex-Empress Eugenie at the Castle, and also gave a Diplomatic dinner party, at which the German, Austro-Hungarian, and Turkish Ambassadors were among the guests. Viscount Cranbrook had audience of the Queen on Saturday, and subsequently dined with the Royal Family, while on Sunday morning Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service in the private chapel. Princess Christian visited the Queen in the afternoon, and Capt. Haig had an audience. On Monday Her Majesty decorated Gunner John Cantwell, R.A., with the distinguished service medal for his gallantry in the defence of the Hospital at Rorke's Drift, and later the Queen gave audience to Col. J. C. McNeill, who brought a letter from Princess Louise. In the evening the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Gen. Sir T. M. Steele, and Lord and Lady E. Clinton, and several other guests dined with Her Majesty. The Empress of Austria visited the Queen on Tuesday, being escorted by Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold from the railway to the Castle, where she was received by the Queen and Princess Christian. The Empress lunched at the Castle, and subsequently returned to town, the Prince and Princess seeing her off at the station. On Wednesday the Queen, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, came up to Buckingham Palace and held a *levée*, while in the evening the Princess Beatrice went to the Prince and Princess of Wales' ball. Her Majesty would hold a Drawing Room yesterday (Friday), and to-day returns to Windsor.—The Queen will not go to the Italian lakes after all, but will visit Baden-Baden and Darmstadt. Travelling strictly *incognito*, as the Countess and Countess Beatrice of Balmoral, the Queen and Princess will leave Windsor for Portsmouth about the 25th inst., and after sleeping on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*, will cross next day to Cherbourg, escorted by three Royal yachts. From thence the travellers will go straight through Paris to Baden-Baden, where they will reside at the Villa Hohenlohe, and subsequently they will stay with the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, when the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold will probably join the party.—The Queen's birthday will be kept on May 29.

The Prince and Princess of Wales at the end of last week inspected M. de Neuville's picture of the Defence of Rorke's Drift and went to the concert of the Philharmonic Society. On Sunday they, with their daughters, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and next day the Prince presided at a meeting of the Commissioners for the 1851 Exhibition. In the afternoon the Prince went to the Great Western Station to meet the Empress of Austria, and escorted her to her hotel, the Princess calling on Her Majesty shortly afterwards. The Empress called on the Prince and Princess next day, and in the evening the Prince and Princess with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to Mr. Hallé's orchestral concert. Wednesday was the 17th anniversary of the Prince and Princess's marriage, and was celebrated by a ball at Marlborough House, at which the chief members of the Royal Family were present.—The Prince will preside to-night (Saturday) at a dinner in aid of the Westminster Hospital.—The *Bacchante* with Princes Albert-Victor and George reached St. Thomas on Sunday, and sailed again on the following day.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Wednesday afternoon paid a visit to the "Graphic" Gallery.

The Princess Louise is decidedly better, and went downstairs for the first time on Saturday. Thanksgivings have been offered up in the Montreal Churches for the preservation of the Princess and Marquis.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh remain at St. Petersburg, where they have attended a dinner party and ball at the British Embassy.—Prince Leopold on Wednesday took the chair at the meeting of the members of the Royal Masonic Pupils' Assistance Fund, and on Thursday night presided at the annual dinner of the University College Hospital.

The Empress of Austria left Ireland on Sunday night, and after spending three days in London started for Brussels on Wednesday.

The Crown Princess of Germany, who remains at Pegg, will probably visit Rome before Easter. Last week she went to Genoa and inspected a Swiss school and a school for deformed children, where she received a bouquet, and was greeted by the German National Anthem and Garibaldi's Hymn.



RELIGION AND POLITICS.—The *Guardian* regrets that the resolution to dissolve Parliament immediately will bring with it some danger of the desecration of the holiest season of the Christian year by all the unhallowed associations of a political struggle, and thinks it most unhappy that the solemnity of the Holy Week and the religious gladness of Easter may be disturbed by the sounds of agitation and strife. It, however, hopes that the time for the issue of the wits will be so fixed as to provide against what would be a flagrant indecency, absolutely intolerable to all religious men.

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of this Association, held last week, Lord Oranmore resigned his position as Vice-President, after making a vigorous protest against the action of the Council in the Mackonochie case in commencing a new suit instead of simply applying to the Court to refuse its decree. He considered it absolutely wrong to waste the funds for an absolutely useless end. The proceedings had already extended over twelve years, and had cost about 1,200/., and the only result of the course now taken would be continued litigation, which would not in any way prevent Ritualistic clergymen from setting the law at defiance. Mr. C. H. Lovell expressed his regret that Lord Oranmore had not taken a calmer, juster, and more accurate view. He contended that the position of the Association was perfectly satisfactory, the support of the public was as warm and zealous as it had ever been, and the Council were really economising in determining to bring the Mackonochie case before the highest tribunals, for if they asked for an amendment of the law before having done so, the reply would be, "You have not exhausted the means at your disposal." In the report, which was adopted *en bloc*, the Council urged their friends to support only such candidates at the general election as were

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prepared to "defend the principles of the Reformation;" and to exert themselves to prevent the alteration of the Ornaments Rubric, as proposed by the Convocation of Canterbury, from becoming law, and also to give an uncompromising opposition to the Rites and Ceremonies Bill approved last year by the Convocations of Canterbury and York.

BISHOP COLENSO has written to *The Times* contradicting certain statements "frequently made," and recently repeated by Bishop Jones in a letter to the Primate. Dr. Colenso says:—"It is a well-known historical fact" that the Privy Council pronounced Bishop Gray's proceedings "null and void in law," which consequently it would have been illegal for me or any loyal subject to recognise. . . . I was never cited to appear before the Synod of the Bishops of this province." And if they "duly heard the case, and formally pronounced sentence" against me, they did so against an absent man, who had not only never been heard in his own defence, but had never even had notice that he was about to be tried." Dr. Colenso calls upon Bishop Jones to publish a copy from the Registry of the Diocese of Cape Town of the summons by which he was cited to appear before the Synod, with the date of its being served upon him; or, to admit publicly that he has been mistaken in asserting that this is a "well-known historical fact." He adds in a postscript that Bishop Cottrell, of Edinburgh, must know very well what were the real facts of the case, as he sat as assessor to the Metropolitan acting under his letters patent, and was subsequently one of the Bishops acting in Synod.

MR. GLADSTONE having been asked by the Young Men's Christian Association of Croydon to address a meeting there, or at least to send them a written expression of his opinion as to the practical value of the Association, has declined on the ground that too many letters of recommendation from him are already in circulation; they lose their force by repetition, and would be of no value in a case where he must be purely general, from lack of practical knowledge.

THE JEWS AND THE CENSUS.—Dr. Hermann Adler, preaching recently on the approaching census, said that in 1871 a gentleman of landed property had declared that he would pay a fine to any amount rather than commit the offence for which, as recorded in the Book of Kings, David suffered so severe a punishment. The preacher went on to show that David's guilt lay in the spirit of self-confidence and the desire for military renown, and he dwelt upon the important bearing which the census statistics taken in our days had upon the welfare of the people, and specially upon the value of accurate information as to the number of Jews in the United Kingdom, if the Legislature were to determine that the religious profession of each inhabitant should be ascertained.

THE NEW DEAN OF SALISBURY.—The Rev. John Charles Ryle has been nominated by the Premier as the successor of the late Dr. Hamilton in the Deanery of Salisbury. Canon Ryle, who was ordained in 1841, became Vicar of Stradbrooke in 1861, and made Honorary Canon of Norwich Cathedral in 1871, is well known as an Evangelical preacher, and as the author of several works on religious subjects.

THE MACKONOCHEE CASE.—On Saturday another step was made in the new suit against Mr. Mackonochie, Lord Penzance, as Dean of Arches, acceding to the application of Mr. Jeune that some of the twenty-four articles (the twenty-first, charging Mr. Mackonochie with assuming the Eastern position), which had been inserted by mistake, should be struck out.

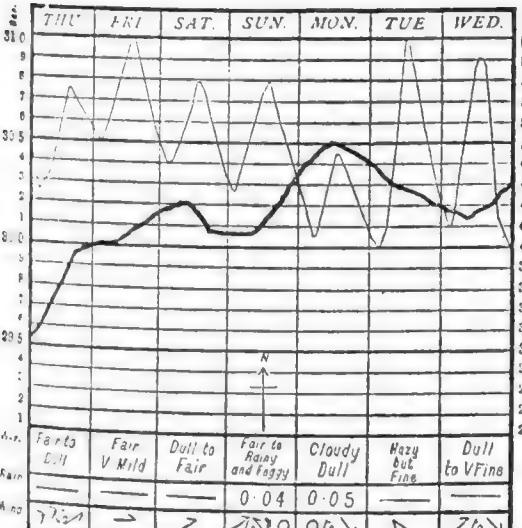
THE CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY have, on the suggestion of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, voted 1,200/- for educational purposes to the Assyrian Christian (Nestorian) Church. A grant of 1,000/- has also been made towards Sunday schools.

A NEW MISSION FOR CENTRAL AFRICA is likely soon to be undertaken, Mr. R. Arthington, of Leeds, the originator of the Tanganyika Mission, having offered the London Missionary Society 3,000/-, on the understanding that they will at once place a suitable steamer on Lake Tanganyika, visit all the tribes on its shores, explore the country between the north end and the lake Albert Nyanza and the neighbouring lakes, with the view of finding the best route from Lake Tanganyika to the Nile, and of bringing under the influence of Christian teaching the populations of the region.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.—It has been decided that the public testimonial to the Bishop of Manchester on the occasion of his marriage shall take the form of a foundation Scholarship at Owen's College, to be called the Bishop Fraser Scholarship.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

MARCH 4 TO MARCH 11 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line is the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the early part of this period barometrical disturbances passed in an easterly direction across the extreme north of Scotland, and, as their centres were at too great a distance from us for the weather to be seriously affected, their effect is clearly shown in the dips in the barometer curve occurring on Friday and Saturday (5th and 6th inst.). On Sunday (7th inst.), however, a small secondary depression came from the westward across our southern stations, so that the weather, which had been fair in the early afternoon, changed to dull and rainy in the course of the day, with thick mist. At the passage of this disturbance the barometer rose quickly, but the weather remained continuously, but as the change has been in progress very uniformly over the whole kingdom and no low pressure area has appeared, the weather has continued fair and dry; indeed on Tuesday and Wednesday (9th and 10th inst.) very little cloud was observed all day. Temperature has varied somewhat. On Tuesday (8th inst.) it rose to 60°, but on Monday (7th inst.) did not get above 50°. On Tuesday and Wednesday (9th and 10th inst.), however, it again reached 60° at a late midday. The barometer was highest (30.50 inches) on Monday (7th inst.) lowest (29.53 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range, 0.97 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (60°) on Tuesday (9th inst.); lowest (49°) on Tuesday and Wednesday (9th and 10th inst.); range, 20°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, only 0.09 inches.



MR. HALLE'S MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA.—The musical event of the week has been the promised visit to London of Mr. Charles Halle, the eminent pianist, accompanied by an orchestra, which, having taken him some twenty years to form in Manchester, has given to the concerts at the Free Trade Hall a far and wide celebrity. Of what calibre is the Manchester orchestra was sufficiently made known to readers of *The Graphic* in notices of the Bristol Festival, for which it was engaged by the managing committee in 1876 and 1879, with a result the value of which could hardly be over-estimated. In plain truth, the Manchester orchestra is not only one of the most generally efficient bodies of instrumental players that England can boast, but one that any of the most musically cultivated European cities might envy. As a musician of varied acquirement, Mr. Halle has long been acknowledged; but his rare skill as a conductor was for the first time revealed to a London audience on Tuesday, when he gave two concerts at St. James's Hall, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, before large audiences, nothing if not critical. Each programme comprised four overtures and four symphonies. The overtures were *Anacreon*, *Euryanthe*, *Lenora*, and *Ruy Blas*, all capital specimens of their respective composers—Cherubini, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. These would alone have sufficed to test the capabilities of Mr. Halle's band of eighty-two performers, without the aid of symphonies. To specify a single instance of proficiency where all was excellent, we cannot remember a finer rendering of Beethoven's *Lenora*, the grandest and most elaborately worked out of the four orchestral preludes to *Fidelio*. The symphonies, however, constituted the stand-point from which Mr. Halle boldly challenged the critical judgment of a London audience; and these were tests, indeed, seeing that they consisted of Beethoven "No. 7" (A major), Schubert "No. 9" (C major), Brahms "No. 2" (D major), and Beethoven "No. 3" (E flat, the *Eroica*—"Buonaparte," as it was originally entitled). The performance of the symphonies was in each particular无可匹敌的, that of Schubert, the longest and in certain respects most difficult, being, if comparisons are inevitable, the most noteworthy of the four. The result was a triumph. Such a deluge of orchestral music in one day would seem enough to overwhelm not only players and conductor, but audience in the bargain. Such was not the case, however, the last overture at the evening concert (*Ruy Blas*) being given with as much spirit as that which opened the concert in the morning (*Anacreon*)—and, it should be added, listened to with the same attention. The Manchester orchestra is not only composed of practised musicians; it is admirably balanced. The twenty-eight violins (first and second), with no less practised a musician than Herr Ludwig Straus as leader, are well supported by ten violas and ten violoncellos (so good that we should like a couple more added to each department); while the ten double-basses (again two more would be welcome) not only play with vigour and decision, but treat their instrument as if it were a vehicle for conveying to the hearer a pure musical effect, not a mere adjunct to noise, as occasionally happens. The wind instruments are to match; and we would especially allude to the trombones, as another example of how an instrument too often abused in our orchestras can be used with similar discretion, to the benefit of what should constitute the harmonious whole. If the first oboist, otherwise a skilful performer, would also moderate his tone there would scarcely be a fault to find with the wind department. But the animating spirit is Mr. Halle, who, without any fuss or demonstrative gestures, inspires the orchestra, and may be said to play upon that vast conglomerate instrument as easily as if it were the pianoforte he is used to subdue to his will, so as to reflect his inmost impressions—in this resembling the Viennese conductor, Hans Richter, though with more absolutely strict reverence for the text of the composer upon whose work he may be engaged than that famous Wagnerian, or indeed any Wagnerian, from Dr. Von Bülow downwards. It remains but to add that the programmes of the two concerts were agreeably interspersed with vocal music, the singers being Madame Patey, Mr. Santley, Miss Lilian Bailey, and Herr Henschel; and that, at the end of each performance, Mr. Halle was enthusiastically applauded.

CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.—The too brief season came to a close on Saturday night with a performance of *Mignon*, which derived additional interest from the fact that Mr. Rosa, for the first time, occupied his accustomed place at the head of the orchestra. That his reception was most cordial need hardly be said. But it was not more cordial than well merited. In the face of some difficulties, not the least of which was the inopportune weather during the early part of the season, every pledge in the prospectus was scrupulously regarded. Mr. Rosa announced four works, which, though, with a single exception, known to the patrons of opera in Italian, had never previously been adapted to the English stage, and these were duly forthcoming. Some might have wished that one of the four had been from the pen of an English musician, but as all were more or less successful, there is less reason for complaining. The much talked of Wagnerian tenor, Herr August Schott, also answered to the call of Mr. Rosa, while the special engagement of Miss Minnie Hauk was fulfilled,—so much to the satisfaction of the public that the fact of her appearance in only two characters formed a general subject of regret. One of these, however, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, in all respects so efficiently presented, would alone have sufficed to commemorate the American lady's first appearance among us in English-spoken opera. Within the brief period of eight weeks (from January 13th to March 6th), no fewer than eleven operas were produced, including the novelties already referred to; so that in the matter of variety habitual frequenters to Her Majesty's Theatre, during the past season of opera in English, have had good cause to be satisfied. In the absence of Mr. Rosa, the possession of a thoroughly experienced alter ego like Signor Randegger, with so capable an assistant in the more familiar operas of the repertory as Mr. Pew, enabled him to dismiss all anxiety from his mind. At the end Mr. Rosa was summoned before the curtain and honoured with—to use the conventional phrase—"quite an ovation."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Philharmonic directors are continuing to exhibit the revived spirit which drew more than ordinary attention to the first concert of their sixty-eighth season. Two more new pieces from English pens have been introduced, the most important being a concert-overture (MS.), entitled *Mountain, Lake, and Moorland*, by Mr. Harold Thomas, which shows, here and there, a faint reflection of the late Sterndale Bennett, under whom, we believe, Mr. Thomas studied composition in our Royal Academy of Music. The other English novelty was a song called "The Golden Gate," by Mr. John Francis Barnett, written expressly for Madame Patey, to words by Mr. Hugh Conway. Both have decided merit and both were favourably received. In the way of symphonies we have had the *Eroica* of Beethoven, and the "No. 2" (in D) of Johannes Brahms. About the first we need say nothing; about the last each new hearing confirms the impression, that, while the whole is more laboured than inspired, the concluding movement, which works up to a really fine climax, is by far the most animated and genial of the four. A novelty from France, in the shape of an overture to *Phèdre*, by M. Jules Massenet, came next in order.

"Overture to *Phèdre*," if we are to understand a musical illustration of the incidents and passions set forth in the most terrible of the Euripidean dramas, is easier to talk about than satisfactorily to accomplish; and that it was too high a flight for the composer to whom the world is indebted for *Le Roi de Lahore* is made evident in the result. There have also been overtures by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Sterndale Bennett (the *Naiades*—which it was somewhat unmindful on the part of the directors to include in the same programme with *Mountain, Lake, and Moorland*). Among concertos we have had Herr Scharwenka's in B flat minor, which, no matter how opinions may differ as to its absolute merits, can never fail to extort genuine applause when played with the fire and brilliancy which a natural regard for his own offspring elicits from the author—a pianist of the highest class. About Mendelssohn's violin concerto, as executed by Herr Joachim, what can be said that has not been said already? This and Herr Joachim's own "Air with Variations," for violin and orchestra (received with such marked sympathy at the Crystal Palace), were conspicuous features at the last concert. The other singers have been Messrs. Shakespeare and Santley. Mr. W. G. Cusins is conducting with more than usual care and efficiency.

WAIFS.—Herr Rubinstein's *Nero*, it is now definitively settled, will not be produced at the Royal Italian Opera this season. There is some talk about *Jean de Nivelle*, the new opera by M. Delibes, just produced at the Opéra Comique. This, however, depends upon whether Madame Adelina Patti finds the part suited to her.—Madame Scalchi, of our Royal Italian Opera, is engaged to play the contralto parts at the Patti performances, Madame Trebelli being obliged to return to England to fulfil engagements at Liverpool and elsewhere.—Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* is to be given at the Leeds Festival next autumn. Better late than never. The *May Queen* was written expressly for the Festival of 1858, when Bennett himself was conductor, and the impression it created on that occasion is still remembered.—Verdi's *Aida* is to be brought out at the Paris Grand Opéra on Monday night, the composer himself conducting the performance. All Paris will be there.—Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company gave the first performance of their spring provincial tour on Monday, at Newcastle-on-Tyne.



CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Mr. Rose, a special jurymen engaged in trying a libel case in the Exchequer Division on Tuesday, absented himself, and sent a letter to the judge stating that owing to the sudden dissolution of Parliament it was imperative that he should attend to the business of his clients, he being a stockbroker, and suggesting that the case should go on, and that he should afterwards read the notes taken by the foreman of the jury. Mr. Justice Stephen characterised his conduct as a very serious contempt of Court, and when he arrived about midday fined him 100/-.

WHAT IS A STAGE PLAY?—After taking a fortnight to consider this question, Mr. Chance, the Lambeth magistrate has decided that the *Peri of Peru*, as performed at the Canterbury Music Hall, is a "stage play," or "an entertainment of the stage" within the meaning of the Act, his reasons being that there is in it a kind of story, and a dramatic representation of the events and actions of life; that there are several performers dressed in various costumes, and representing different characters, and that the performance takes place in a hall constructed with all the accessories and appliances usually found in theatres, and required for the performance of undoubted dramatic pieces. With regard to the plea of the defendant that there was no dialogue, as only one person spoke, he held that words were not essential to constitute a stage play. A simple ballet might be performed under the music and dancing licence held by the defendant, but a dramatised ballet, with performers representing different characters, and giving expression to various passions and emotions, there could be no doubt came within the Act. A fine of 40/-, without costs, was imposed, and Mr. Villiers appealed to the Surrey Sessions. After some discussion about the performance of the piece pending the appeal, the prosecuting counsel said if it were continued he should ask for the full penalty of 20/- a night.

SOME BIRMINGHAM ROUGHS have constituted themselves into a species of theatrical *claque*, much to the annoyance of the actors and actresses, whom they have been in the habit of waylaying in the streets, demanding money, with the threat that if it were not forthcoming the cheers from the gallery would be changed to hisses whenever they appeared on the stage. The actors at last got tired of paying for this unsolicited applause, and refused to do so any more, and the result has been an organised system of annoyance, which culminated at the Prince of Wales's on Saturday last, when a large cabbage was thrown violently from the gallery, and struck Miss Jenny Hill, one of the performers in the pantomime, in the eye. The assault created much excitement in the house, but eventually the offender was arrested, and afterwards sentenced to two months' hard labour.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY SPIRIT LICENCE.—A licence for the sale of spirits in the Restaurant attached to the Grosvenor Gallery has been granted to Sir Coutts Lindsay, on condition that he shall reside on the premises until the company which has undertaken the business have appointed a manager to whom it can be transferred.

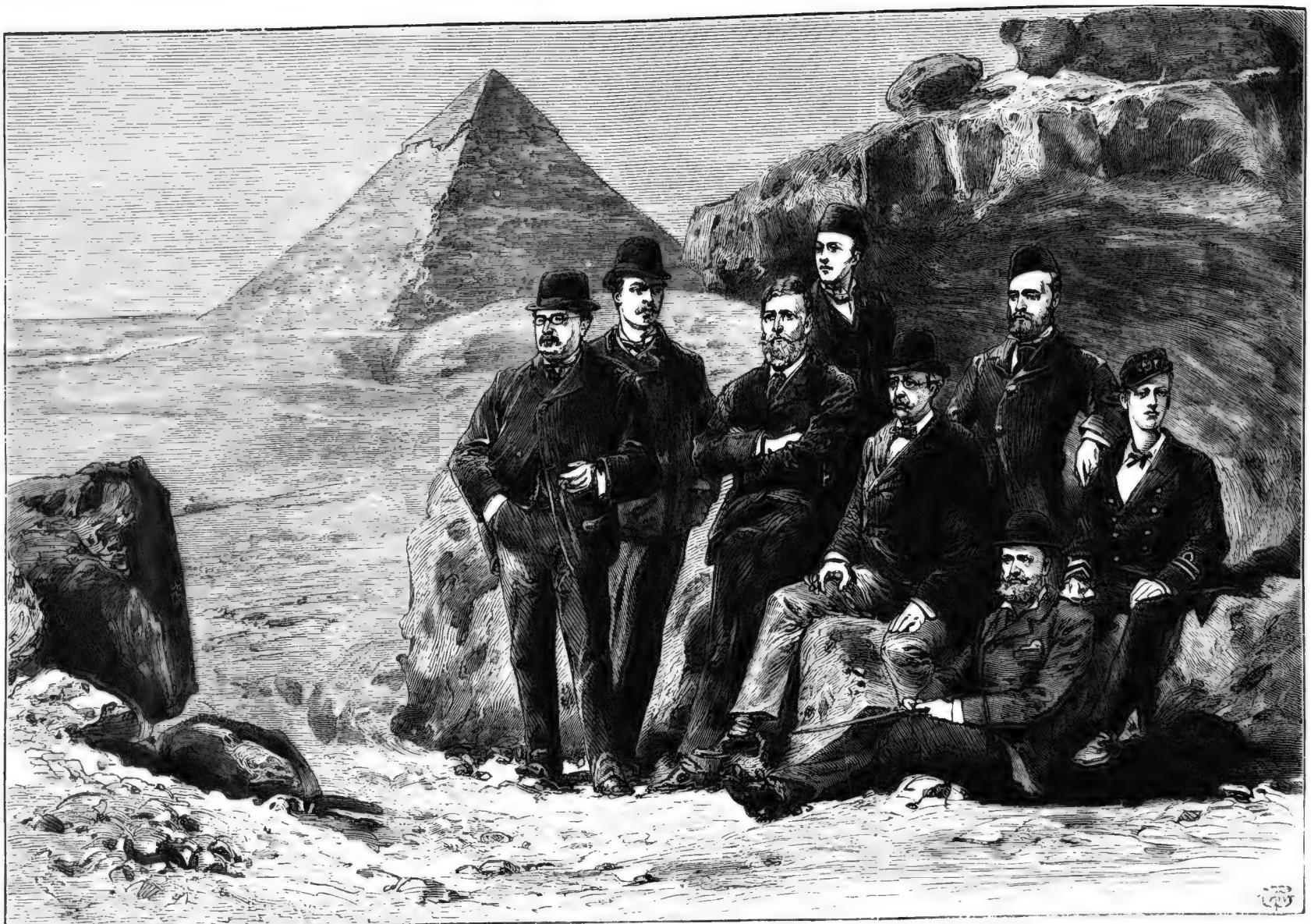
"A CERTIFICATE OF FREEDOM."—A Limerick jury have awarded 1,000/- damages to a lady of Ballymorris, County Clare, who had been jilted by a young farmer named Ryan, after a courtship of seventeen years. Among the witnesses called for the plaintiff was a Roman Catholic priest, who had been asked to give the defendant "a certificate of freedom" to enable him to marry the young woman who was now his wife. Mr. Baron Dowse remarked that he had never before heard of a certificate of freedom except in the case of a slave.

AN "ENGLISH NIHILIST."—The other night a drunken man attracted a crowd in Holborn by his disorderly behaviour, and on being cautioned by a constable, he defiantly replied that he was an "English Nihilist, whose mission it was to exterminate the whole police force and police courts." He was locked up for the night, and next morning, when before the magistrate, he humbly pleaded that he had taken "sundry glasses of stimulants to suppress a violent attack of illness." Mr. Flowers seems to have been in a specially lenient mood, for he asked the defendant whether he could pay 5/-, and on being told that he had only 2/- imposed a fine to that amount.

MRS. WELDON has been convicted of libelling M. Rivière, but sentence is postponed until the decisions in financial suits now pending between them shall be ascertained. In a letter to a contemporary M. Rivière says that he chose to proceed in the criminal court because, the defendant being a married woman, could not have been made personally responsible in a civil action, which could have punished her husband only.

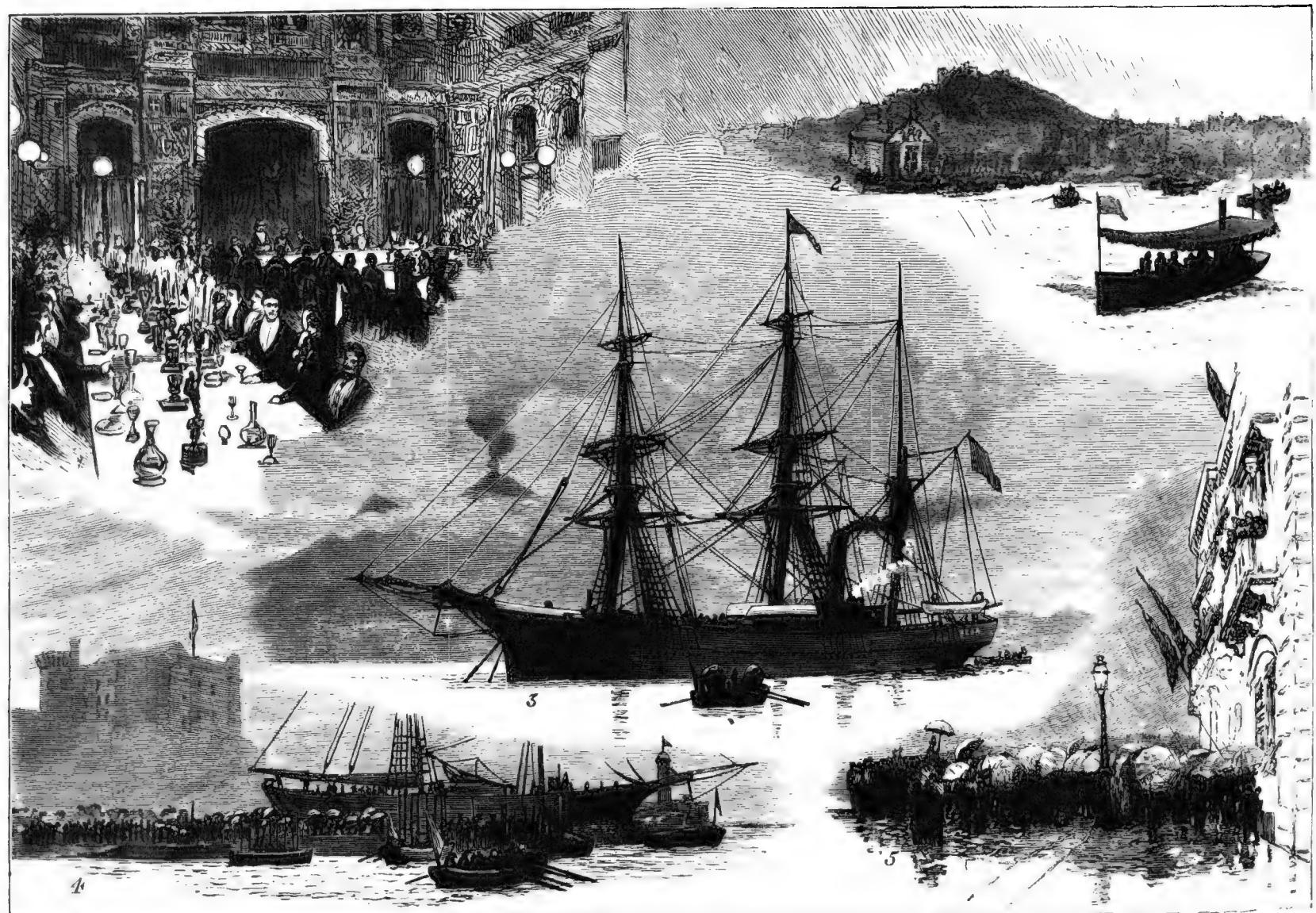
THE TICHBORNE CASE.—It is stated that Mr. Kimber, the Claimant's solicitor, has received information from Australia of the discovery of the missing entry of the arrival of the *Osprey*, three-masted schooner, Captain Lewis Owen, from Francisco. The entry states that the captain reports having picked up a boat of the *Bella*,

Professor Anton Stuxberg (Zoologist of the Expedition) Lt. Nordquist (Officer of the Russian Imperial Guard)
 Ernst Almquist (Medical Officer of the *Vega*)



Professor R. F. R. Kjellmann (Botanist of the Expedition) Lt. Andr. Hovgaard (Danish Naval Officer, Member of the Expedition)
 Lt. Palander, R.S.N. (Commander of the *Vega*) Prof. A. E. Nordenskjöld
 Lt. Giacome Bove (Italian Naval Officer, Member of the Expedition)

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD AND THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION AT CAIRO



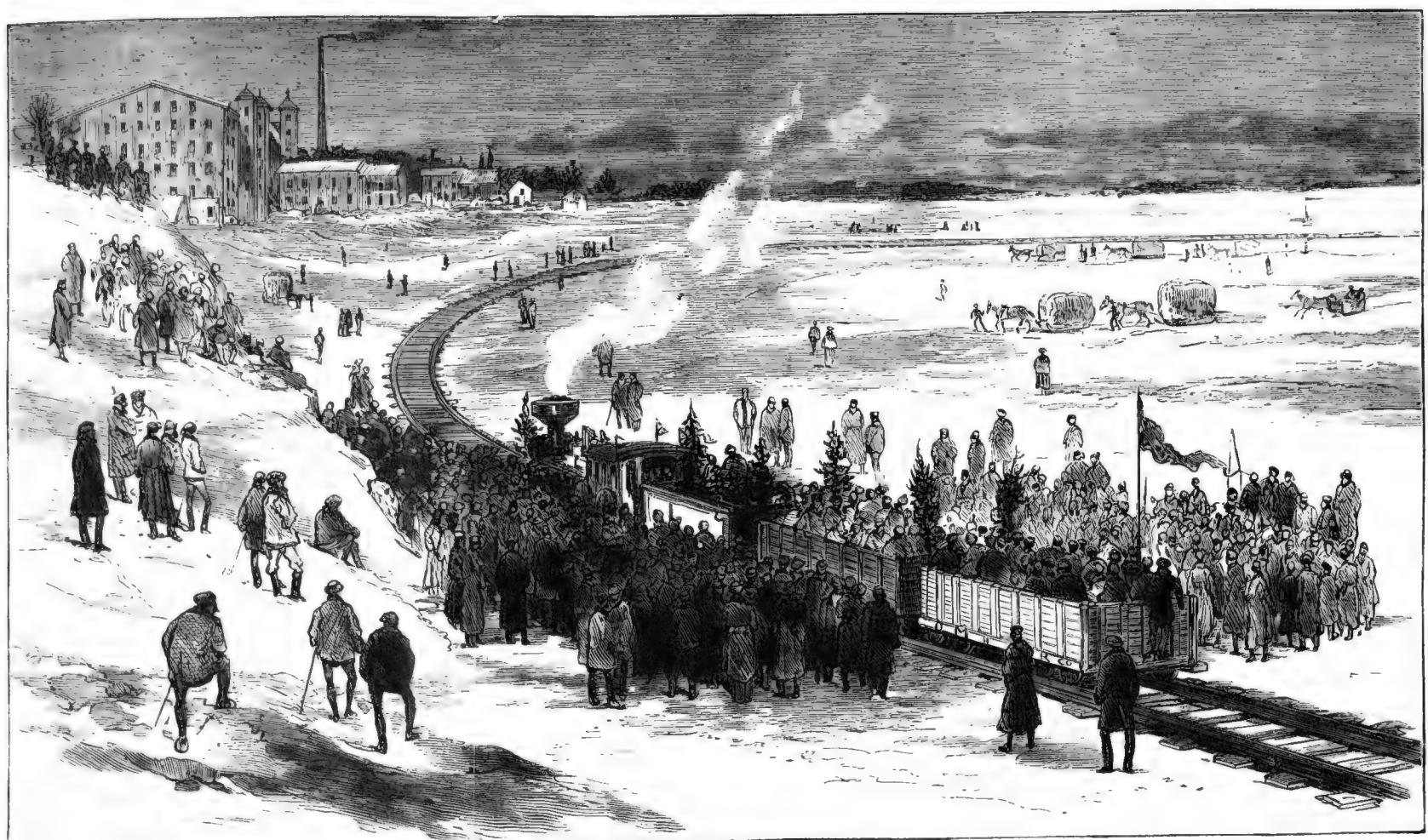
1. The Banquet.—2. On the Way to the Shore.—3. The *Vega*.—4. The Landing.—5. The Crowd on the Quay.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD AT NAPLES

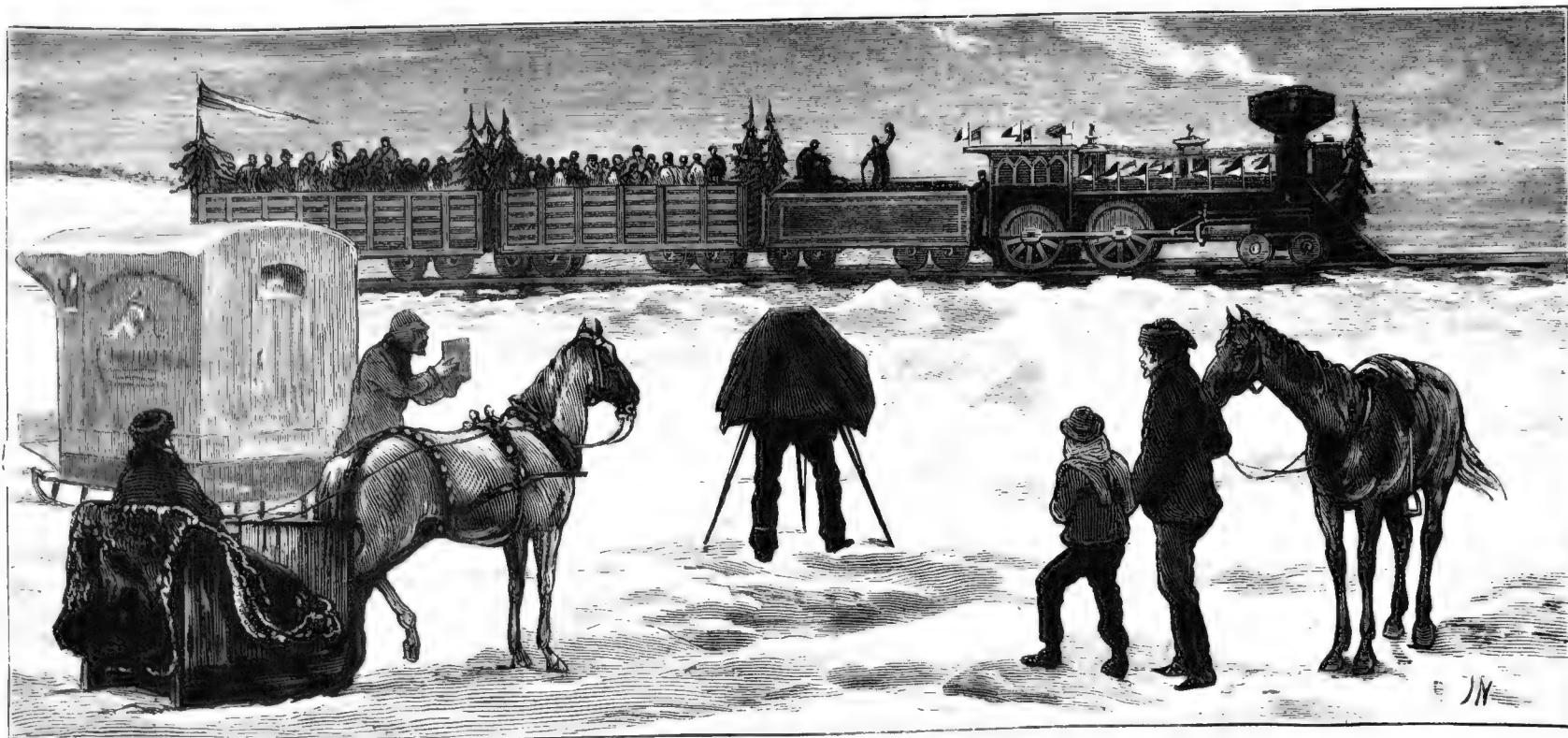
THE RETURN OF THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION



FOLLOWING THE TRAIN



OPENING OF THE RAILWAY



FIRING AT THE TRAIN

AN ICE RAILWAY AT MONTREAL, CANADA

off Rio. It is also said that Caswell, who is alleged to be the real Arthur Orton, has been released from the Paramatta Lunatic Asylum, and will shortly be brought to this country.

RIOTOUS "MEDICAL STUDENTS."—The other night a gang of about a hundred well-dressed roughs went to the Criterion Restaurant apparently for the express purpose of getting up a row. They shouted and sang, stood on the seats, jostled the other customers, and did damage to the extent of 20/. Three of their number, who were turned out and pushed their way in again, were given into custody, and subsequently fined 5/- each by Mr. Mansfield, who said that he "had hoped this sort of thing had been done away with, especially after the exposures which had occurred of the idiotic conduct of medical students who had made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world." A superintendent of police stated in Court that "of late the conduct of medical students had

become a perfect disgrace to the neighbourhood, and he, in consequence, scarcely knew what to do for the best."

A CONFERENCE OF PRISON CHAPLAINS was held last week at the Home Office to consider the alterations in the present system of educational discipline in prisons proposed by the Home Office Commission. The proposals of the Commission, which were generally approved by the Conference, are in the direction of the abolition of the educational discipline in the case of prisoners undergoing short sentences as useless, and several improvements in the details of prison education are suggested.

A "LONG FIRM."—At the Central Criminal Court eight men, named De Court, Ruppert, Touleine, Michaelis, Miller, Humphreys, Grouer, and Case, were found guilty, after a trial extending over three days, of conspiring together on what is known as the "long firm" principle, to defraud a merchant of wine to the value

of 1,200/. The Recorder sentenced De Court to seven and the other prisoners to five years' penal servitude.

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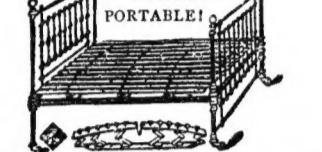
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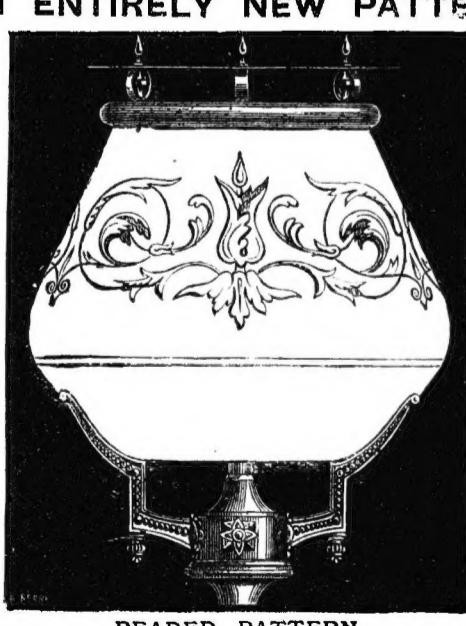
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